

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Back forty rods from a country side road is a house half a mile removed from any other. One hundred yards away stand the barn and stables. The place is adorned with no shade or fruit trees; no swing or hammock or rustic seat suggests ease; no fishing pole leans against the root-house to suggest a half-day off for anybody; no bat or ball, no broken wooden horse or little wagon is to be seen in the yard to indicate the presence of childhood. No neat pile of wood is there to suggest manhood, only a couple of huge logs, hauled in green and tremendous from the bush, from which the women-folk hack firewood with a blunt axe as it is needed. Yet inside the house are to be seen no tidies or other ornamental bits of female fancy; the curtains are of plain paper that roll by hand; the walls plastered and pictureless; the floors scrubbed white but carpetless; the stove clean and shiny, but decrepit—a carefully preserved collection of ancient iron, wherein sappy logs sputter and smoke, and whereon stinking cattle food seems continually to be boiling. The farm is not half fenced and the cattle have to be confined in one small enclosure every night to keep them out of the growing grain. The various implements of agriculture stand in fence corners when not in use, warping in the sun, rusting after rain.

Although there is no sign to indicate the presence of childhood, yet there are children in that home; though there is nothing but cleanliness to suggest the presence of women, there are several daughters and a mother in it; there is a father, also, and sons, growing and full-grown. With the first streak of dawn the father rises and rouses the house, his voice savage and imperative. At five o'clock the stock is fed, the horses harnessed and ready to be hitched, and all sit down to breakfast, prefaced with a long and solemn grace. Even eight-year-old Archie is there and ten-year-old Nellie. The father goes to the fields accompanied by his two big boys, his two grown girls and Archie. The daughters work like men, with hands and features big and coarse, arms thin and muscular. They rake, load and unload hay—are exempt from no labor of the farm. At eleven o'clock they all come in to dinner as silent and spiritless as the horses. At five o'clock they come again for supper, and go back again until darkness makes further work impossible. An hour later they all grope their lamplight way to bed and sink to sleep until the savage voice of the father warns them that the accursed sun has risen again. On Sunday there is a break in the routine; not much of a break, but still a deviation that punctuates life in this slave-hold. The voice of the father rouses the family an hour later than usual—a voice softened, repressed, complaining rather than savage. Everything is done solemnly; speech is subdued, the Bible is read as the only diversion. At ten o'clock the horses are hitched and the whole family mounts into the lumber wagon—save the two grown boys, who walk behind—and off they go to church on the next concession. At one o'clock they get home and have dinner. The mother reads her Bible at a window; the father sleeps on a hard sofa; the eldest girl sits at another window, hour after hour, gazing out towards the unfrequented road; the children are watching a calf romping; the grown sons are sitting on a box in the barn doing nothing and scarcely exchanging a word. The family is keeping holy the Sabbath day. Sometimes of a Sunday afternoon a neighbor will come across fields and talk of the crops, or the morning sermon, but not often. And all must to bed early to be ready for the coming week—all but the eldest son. Unmindful of the hints of his father—who was worsted a few months ago in a row on the subject—the eldest son sets his jaw angrily and after supper goes sullenly down the lane to the road. The family gathers about the windows and watches him until he reaches the road, turns north, goes over the hill out of sight. This is the tragedy, the romance, the one thing of interest that enters the home life. The girls whisper and wonder where he has gone; the boys wonder when they will be big enough to defy the father like that. The old man growls that that is a nice sort of a son to feed and clothe and care for, and then to soothe his injured feeling of authority packs everyone off to bed earlier than usual.

Summer grows brown and dies, bleak fall comes, and in the bitter winds the girls with bent backs and frozen fingers pull frosty turnips and plod through the heavy clay; winter comes with its lessened labor, keener hardships and earlier humors—yet they live on, they do no murder, they "keep holy" the Sabbath day. Unfitted for any other life, the girls marry and live as their mother lived; the sons marry and live as their father lived. There are exceptions. Now and then a son breaks loose and plunges into dissipation, or a daughter goes gladly to perdition to escape the grim home-life; and there are those who blame the son and blame the daughter, and sorrow for the text-quoting old man who presents himself at jail or morgue to claim his wayward offspring. Yet some day that old man will stand condemned, if justice be not injustice and if the cant of the lips be not greater than the deeds of the body. Better that he had been a drunken spendthrift but human-hearted; better that he had been an infidel but compassionate to the fellow animals about him; better that he had been a thief and robbed his neighbors of their goods and chattels, than have robbed his sons and daughters of every pleasure, every sentiment, every generous impulse

and soft emotion, leaving them creatures of leather, rags and surly humors. Condemned too, surely, will be the preachers who, seeing these old farmers setting up for family worship graven images of their own selfishness, their own wills, do not cast the impious things down and proclaim the Son of David or destroy the false altars. So harsh, loveless, spiteful, slavish, is this life that I would rather cast my lot with the creedless revelers of the village tavern, where the blind souls of men at least show consciousness of each other's nearness. This sort of a farmhouse is one of the sights of summer. The virtues are all in evidence, but distorted until they are repulsive as vices. There is thrift, but it is so blind and ignorant as to be profitless; there is religion in the daily life, but it is strict, harsh and as unlovely as godlessness; there is truth, but it is brutal; there is humility, but it partakes of stupidity. Until

that he is not a safe man for public office. His speeches have been indelicate, impolitic, full of braggadocio. He has complicated matters by intemperate speeches, and no self-respecting man should lead or remain in a cabinet with a colleague who employs such a tone. There would be honor for Sir Mackenzie Bowell in going down with dignity in such an emergency as this, but by weakly temporizing he has invited new affronts and his coarse allies from Quebec are not slow to offer them. No sentiment of party loyalty restrains the bullying Outimet or the egotistic Angers, while Caron is politician enough to know that he must keep himself in consonance with the French idea. If the Protestant majority is to do a graceful thing for the minority, the boorish conduct of French Ministers must not rob it of all grace. If Quebec desires a clear mark of cleavage along national lines, with only such privileges as law and constitution accord the minority, the English-

been a vehement Twelfth of July in Ontario and red-hot speeches would have been delivered everywhere and flashed over the wires, but now the Orangemen are apt to feel that the Government is dealing firmly with the hierarchy—that in carrying this point the Government is doing its stern duty and showing Quebec a thing or two. We are victorious. We are not going to coerce Manitoba this session, but next. The hierarchy may rave, but we won't do it this session, but at a special one later on. What the deuce does that matter? Yet here we are feeling all the vanity of victory in the moment of our complete defeat; and simply because these nimble Frenchmen are feigning disaffection and have forestalled the Ontario Ministers with pretended resignations.

Since writing the above I learn that Messrs. Outimet and Caron have, like the cat immor-

and the land is moistened entirely by irrigation, the water being brought long distances from the mountains. In parts of Australia it is the same, yet if one of our farmers can't have rain whenever and as often as he likes, he feels that all the curses of the earth are piled upon him. In winter he has not blizzards to fear, and instead of long, pitiless rains and roads impassable with mud, he has snow and glorious sleighing; in summer he has no tornadoes to blow him away from his work when he is busiest, nor earth quakes to swallow his barns just as the crop is nicely housed; deadly reptiles do not sting him in his bed or bite him as he hunts for hen eggs in the manger; the pestilences that carry off cattle in other lands never come on the evening winds to desolate his stables. We are singularly blessed in this country, and even if hay is a poor crop we know that it is poorer in parts of the United States and in England; if butter is scarce it will bring a good price to the farmer who has any to sell, and the same with every other product. If the whole thing goes to pot, however, and the farmers of Ontario can do no more than feed themselves by eating their fodderless cattle during the fall and winter, even that will have a bright side, for it will be the making of Manitoba and the Territories. Our cousins up there think it just about time that a famine should occur in the rich East. The latest reports from Manitoba and the North-West Territories lead us to believe that this season will be one of the best in years up there.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Thompson was required to scull against Mr. Guinness at Henley on the same day that the Argonaut four made its gallant race with the London Rowing Club four. He was undoubtedly much exhausted by the earlier race and in no condition to do himself justice in the second event. After the first race his brother, who also rowed, remarked that a couple of such races would break a man down. To travel thousands of miles for a race and then come so near winning a heat that the result was wrongly reported for a time, must be very disappointing. The revulsion of feeling, on being informed that they had lost by two feet, after congratulating themselves on winning, must also have told against Bush Thompson for his second race. Our representatives have, however, the consciousness—not as valuable as a trophy, however—of having shown splendid mettle. Thompson collided with a pile, and the way he overhauled Guinness is described as remarkable, but this extra exertion left him somewhat spent at the finish. Our men gave a better account of themselves than the Cornell eight, who won a heat in a very American or Courtney-like manner, and then lost a second heat in a similar manner, going all to pieces the moment they lost the lead, and failing to finish. The whole affair shows that Englishmen are the greatest and fairest sportsmen in the world, a long established fact, newly evidenced every year. The Argonauts played fair, showed true mettle, and should receive a rousing welcome home, for I do not believe there is a four-oared crew in the world that can beat them on Toronto bay or on neutral water. Though losers, they were the greatest four at Henley.

Since the introduction of type-setting machinery into the daily newspaper offices, the nerves of the public are subjected to a new irritation. It is almost impossible to read a column in any of the daily papers without finding that a line is missing and has obtruded somewhere else further down; or that the line occurs twice, one standing right on top of the other; or that a line ends up with some incoherent gibberish. There are already sufficient nerve irritants in the world, but as inventions increase we may expect more of them. The matter to which I refer has developed to the proportions of a nuisance of late, the operators apparently having grown familiar with their machines and relaxed the care exercised at first. Newspaper men know exactly how these mistakes occur, and they blame the slovenly work of which it is the evidence, though partly excusing it because of the haste with which daily newspapers are thrown together. But general readers do not enquire the cause; all they know is that the daily papers have not their old typographical accuracy, and that very irritating blunders are occurring in every issue. A reader has to skim all over a column to find a missing line to get the sense of an important paragraph.

Hon. Edward Blake in subscribing \$25,000 to the election fund of the Home Rule Party in Ireland, has effectually exploded the rumor that he was disaffected and purposed withdrawing from the struggle. He is showing a staying power and a patience with the hot-headed and wrangling Irishmen, that even his admirers here did not expect.

A Windsor magistrate has decided that the Lord's Day Act does not affect farmers, and Robert Watts, who was shown to have hauled rails on Sunday, May 5, was discharged. He is a Seventh Day Adventist and observes Saturday as a day of rest, and his Methodist neighbors laid information against him for working on Sunday. That farmers may work on Sunday without fearing prosecution will be excessively bad news for hired men on some farms. Mr. Watts contended that Saturday is the Lord's Day, but the magistrate declined to consider this point, making his decision one of simple law, as above stated. Mr. Charlton



A LA PASTORALE.

the reins are loosened and time is allowed the young for frivolities and recreations, and broadened principles are introduced, we shall see the rural populations crowding to the cities though they starve.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell is an old man, too old a man to successfully change his principles, to abandon the friends of his life and find new friends among strangers. So little remains for him to do in this world, life has so little to offer him, that he might well be true to himself, true to the principles which he has held or feigned all his days, true to the friends who have raised him up until, in his senility, he holds a statesman's post. Yet we find this old man making terms with Quebec, which even John Haggart does not approve, although he is a man who professes no virtue beyond a capacity to discharge well the duties of office. It is remarkable that the aged Premier, who has won all that he can hope for in public life and has won what he has won despite the Quebec contingent of his party—it is remarkable that he should be the one man upon whose fears and indecisions the Cabinet representatives of the hierarchy must depend for success in this crisis. The whole conduct of the three French Ministers during this Manitoba school case has been inexcusably unstatesmanlike. Outimet, at least, has shown

speaking majority can raise no objection. When a minority takes a bullying tone it generally comes to rue its folly in course of time.

There is another side to the question worth considering. We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that any one of these three French Ministers has really sufficiently resigned to lose any salary thereby. To resign in this effectual way would not be French-Canadian. It is possible that the anger of the Quebec Ministers is for the most part simulated and strategical. Suppose that they had expressed themselves as pleased with the positive assurance of the Government that remedial legislation would be pushed through at a special session called for the purpose, what would have happened? Would not this complete capitulation of the Government—for, notwithstanding the bolt of the three Ministers, the Government has capitulated outright to Roman Catholic demand—have caused the Orange sentiment of Ontario to rise in arms? "What! Going to yield! Going to coerce Manitoba at a special session!" This would have been the cry everywhere outside of Quebec. But this cry has been silenced before it could be raised, for public attention has been diverted to the flank movement made by the three Frenchmen. Only for this clever coup there would have

talised in song, come back. We are all charmed to know that so far as these two were concerned, the difficulty was due to a misunderstanding. It is worthy of note that the Quebec Minister who has sacrificed himself—Mr. Angers' resignation has been accepted—is the cheapest of the lot, the one without a following, the one without a future, unless in some snug Government appointment. If he succeeds in diverting the attention of Ontario from the fact that the sentiment of this province has been outraged, he will probably secure a fitting reward.

Some very alarming reports are coming in from different parts of Ontario in regard to the state of the crops. The continued drought has no doubt done great harm, and in places cattle have been turned into growing grain, the crops being useless and no other pasture being at hand. Granting that the worst that is said is true, we may still boast that there is no country in the world where crops are so sure and where agriculture is carried on at less hazard than in Canada. It is only about once in a generation that the drought is so long-drawn as to do the crops more than comparative damage. In some parts of the world—California, for instance—rain does not fall, for long months is never known to fall, in a climate several degrees warmer than ours,

may be expected to look after this affair next session.

The position of the Dominion Government has been rendered conspicuous in its absurdity by the playing in public of every hand held by every Minister. The crisis has disclosed a situation which has nothing to do with principle. All that seems to be contended for is the possession of power. Principle has been abandoned entirely. The things that we consider sacred are being bandied about as if they were job lots of old goods left over. Sir Mackenzie Bowell may just as well recognize the fact that he is not considered a representative of Ontario. He is despised in Quebec; he is laughed at everywhere else. What position does he occupy that commands respect? A man who has sacrificed the principles that he was supposed to hold, in order to obtain power, is a "thing." Canada cannot afford to make the Premiership simply the climax of an old man's life. Sir Mackenzie may suppose that he is at the end of his tether, and for ease and for mere continuance of power may think that he can do as he pleases until he dies or is defeated. Canada has dignity to maintain. The people are not simply the playthings of Mackenzie Bowell, and, hard as it may be, if he has pledged his Cabinet to Remedial Legislation and a future session he has sold goods that he cannot deliver, and he is a recreant to the trust that the people of Ontario placed in him and is a public person that must be wiped off the slate, and nothing can save him, not only from defeat, but from obloquy, from shame, from the most dreadful of all the endings to which human life may tend, being buried with the contempt of his fellow-citizens. Canada reached a low level when it accepted Mackenzie Bowell as Premier; it will have reached its limit of shame when it places over his grave the legend: "This man betrayed the Order that trusted him, that made him, and became the creature and fool of those who could give him nothing but a few weeks' additional power."

Money Matters.

The affairs of the Banque du Peuple, the headquarters of which is in Montreal, have caused a nervous feeling in stocks. The trouble arose from alleged favors being granted to officials of the bank for the prosecution of private business. These rumors drew attention to the bank statement, and there it was found that the affairs of the bank were in far from satisfactory shape. This bank has a capital stock of \$1,200,000 and a reserve of \$600,000. On this small capital, loans were made on commercial paper and on securities to the amount of \$8,253,317. Nearly \$7,000,000 was lent on commercial paper, and the amount of convertible securities held was relatively small. It will be seen from this that the bank was in no position to stand a run. From all that I can learn the bank is quite solvent. The only thing necessary is a reduction in the amount of business, and no doubt the other larger banks will be willing to take over some of the accounts. The other banks have subscribed \$1,200,000 to provide for any contingency that may arise, and since the announcement of this has been made the tension on the exchanges has been relieved.

Coming after a week of heavy realizing in stocks, the nervousness due to the Banque du Peuple's affairs had the effect of bringing on another relapse. Values fell in several instances below a normal plane and the whole market was weak. People who are level-headed will remark that nothing has occurred to lessen the inherent value of stocks, and will incline to the opinion that it is just on such breaks that have occurred that the most profitable buying is done.

I recommend purchases of Cable anywhere under 160. It may not go up just now but I feel satisfied that if it is bought now and held till the end of the year a nice profit can be made.

Toronto Railway is holding steady. I should be inclined to buy it at say around 82 to 83. In time it is likely to work up again.

Montreal Street Railway at 200 I can recommend without hesitation as a first-class investment. Buy it and put it away for six months. The end of the fiscal year is close at hand and people will soon begin to speculate on what policy the company will adopt. A large increase in the reserve; a new issue of stock or an increased dividend will be likely to advance the quotations.

Ontario Bank is holding well. It might do to buy it if it should happen to work off to 90. Holders of the stock will do well to keep it. In time it is likely to get back to over par. Dominion Bank at 263 is, in my opinion, low. A year from now I should not be surprised if it were quoted at 283.

Merchants' Bank is worth watching. If it can be got at, say, 156, it is a gilt-edged purchase. This bank is steadily working into excellent shape.

Social and Personal.

There has been almost a complete dearth of society functions in the city this week. Most of the gay folks who keep the ball rolling are out of town; some across the ocean, some at the seaside and a vast majority comfortably ensconced in the adjacent summer resorts, where they have either rented or purchased cottages. The island, with its vastly improved west end, has attracted a crowd this year. Hotel Hanlan has some quite smart guests, Elmsmere House is, of course, extremely popular, and the pretty cottages are well in demand. The Bishop of Toronto and his family are at Center Island for the summer; Colonel and Mrs. Dawson and family and Mrs. Crooks are at Dulce Domum; Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and their lovely children are in Colonel Sweny's house; Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett are among the residents at Center Island; the Casimir Gzowski's are cottagers; Mr. and Mrs. Darling, who will be back from England soon, have also their family settled on the breakwater in their last year's cottage. The usual jolly party of bachelors are snugly housed, Mr. and Mrs. James Pringle have a large household, including Mr. and Mrs. Hardwell and several other well known people.

Mr. and Mrs. Goulding have gone to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of St. George street are away on a holiday trip.

Mrs. James Carruthers left this week for a visit to Mrs. Young of Alleghany Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty and family, with Mr. and Mrs. Kemp and family, have bought and fitted up a spacious house-boat on which they will spend the summer months. The jolly party left this week for their floating residence, moored near Penetang, and will visit many good fishing places before their

return to Toronto in the fall. I expect there will be one of the most pleasant house parties yet together this summer.

Miss Campbell of Earl street sailed for Scotland last Saturday by steamer State of California, on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. Francis Richardson and Mrs. George Shaw left this week for a lengthened visit to Goderich and vicinity.

Mr. Lyman Jones has purchased a lot on upper St. George street and is building a nice residence. Mrs. and Miss Jones will be home in the fall.

Miss Laver of New York, who has been for some time visiting Mrs. E. Strachan Cox, returned home last week.

Mrs. Stanbury Finch is one of the most graceful and steady of this year's cyclists, and thinks little of a twenty-four mile spin.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is holidaying in Muskoka. Signor and Madame D'Auria are at Jackson's Point.

Miss Louise Brown and Mr. Bert Cox were married very quietly on Monday. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Cox have given the young couple their beautiful home on Sherbourne street during their absence in Europe, and that the summer months are to be spent in it by Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox.

Miss Emilie Robinson left to day for Bala, where she will remain during July and August.

Miss Mabel Cochrane is the guest of her cousin, Miss Ormiston of Whitby.

Miss Lillian Johnstone has gone to Muskoka with a party who intend remaining two months, visiting the different islands.

Mrs. Frank Phillips and family have gone to Port Sandfield for the summer.

The garden party at Euclid Hall last Friday was a very delightful affair. The house and grounds are peculiarly well arranged for such a function, many exits into lawn and conservatory being available and the latter building being unusually spacious and well adapted for a promenade. Mr. and Mrs. Massey (on whom the hand of Time rests kindly, sparing the sympathetic receptiveness of youth while adding the gentle dignity of advanced age), were surrounded by children and grand-children. Miss Lillian Frances Massey, the daughter of the house, assisted her parents in the long ceremony of receiving the scores of guests who attended the affair. Miss Massey was dressed in soft cream-white India silk and lace, and looked, as usual, an embodiment of sweet and ladylike refinement. Mrs. Chester Massey was in heliotrope and white and was indefatigable in her care for the many people present. An immense marquee was erected on the east lawn, while *tele-a-tele* tables were set on the balcony and in the conservatory, where the orchestra was also stationed. Webb's men served quite a menu of good things almost amounting to a high tea. This function has apparently closed the season, as I have, so far, heard of none to follow. Society is bathing, boating, playing tennis and yachting, and for the present, I fancy, my column will contain but little of what is known strictly as society. All the better and wiser, my mistresses, for next winter promises to be a record breaker in events, with a dozen new hostesses, many of them brides, to be invited and made much of. By the way, some of our brides are back in Toronto already and have been receiving, but have had nothing like the shoals of visitors who will call later on. Calling is largely in abeyance until the fall, and *maison fermee* is the rule just now.

Miss Sanderson of Bond street and Miss Botsford of Dovercourt road left on Tuesday for a visit to Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Huyck Garratt and baby are spending the holidays with relations in Picton.

Mrs. John J. Moylan of McCaul street is summering with her parents at Coteau Landing, Quebec.

Everyone was grieved and shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. John Charles Fitch of Atherly, which took place at Sunnyside on Saturday evening. Mr. Fitch has been for some time past a sufferer from attacks of heart trouble and was quite aware of his delicacy, but having been in better health recently his relatives and friends were not so anxious as formerly about him, and his own unselfish and patient disposition led him to make light of their fears. Mr. Fitch had spent a pleasant afternoon with Mrs. Somerville and her family at Long Branch, and was hurrying to catch a trolley at King street, when he was seized with faintness and on entering the car fell into the arms of a young man who was seated next him. His daughter, Mrs. Hetherington, was notified and drove immediately to Sunnyside. Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Athelstane, and Mr. and Mrs. Cockbourne of Ottawa came as quickly as steam could bring them from the summer resorts where they were settled with their children. On Wednesday, at half past three, the funeral took place from the beautiful home of the deceased gentleman, where, with his widowed daughter, Mrs. Hetherington, he has for years lived his peaceful and retired life. To those who have known Mr. Fitch through his long and successful business career, and also in his own home, the old greeting of "Well done, good and faithful servant," seems surely what has been his welcome to another world. But a few weeks since, I heard him tell the story of his life; as we looked at the monument of his brave son, one of the Queen's Own, slain at Batoche, and he spoke softly of the dear son and wife, whose death was his great blow, and of his children, whose graves lie about the soldier's monument, it was with difficulty I found voice to combat his calm remark, "I suppose I shall soon be with them all." To the three daughters who survive him, the heartiest sympathies flow from those who, best knowing the worth of their good father, can best estimate their loss.

Picton had a gala day on the First, during

the visit of the 57th Batt., Peterboro' Rangers, Peterboro; the 15th Batt., Argyle Light Infantry, Belleville, and the 14th Batt., Princess of Wales' Own, Kingston. Crowds of people came from the neighboring towns and countryside, and Picton was bravely decorated to welcome her guests. During Sunday and Monday troops were constantly arriving. On Sunday services were held in the churches, at which the military band assisted. A march past on Monday morning was followed by a ball in the Crystal Palace in the evening given to the officers of the visiting regiments, at which the 14th Batt. band from Kingston furnished the music. A marquee was erected for a supper-room. A detail of non-commissioned officers and men of the 16th Batt. were on duty at the doors and refreshment tent. The stewards were Lt.-Col. Bog, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Hepburn, Capt. Wycott, Mr. Widdifield, Major Horrihan, Major Bigger, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Barker, Mr. Beringer, with Mr. H. E. C. Melrose as honorary secretary. The set of honor in the opening lancers was danced by Lt.-Col. Bell and Mrs. M. R. Burlington, Lt.-Col. Bog and Mrs. W. T. Shannon, Major Shannon and Mrs. Stirling, Major Edwards and Mrs. Widdifield. Among those who were at the ball in addition to the officers of the 14th, 15th and 57th were: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Taylor of Peterboro; Miss Moscript, Miss Kirkland, Miss Husted, Mr. T. A. Hay Mr. W. H. Moore, Mr. F. D. Mackay, Mr. Alfred Terrill, Mr. Ernest Wasson, Mr. Andrew Joab of Peterborough; Miss Myers, Miss Florence Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. H. Austin, Mr. W. W. Power, Mr. Thomas Power, Miss Hawthorne, Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. R. E. Wright of Belleville; Miss Hall of Napanee, Mr. and Miss Whittier, Dr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, Dr. Shurrie of Trenton; Mrs. Dean of Deseronto; Miss Young, Miss Minnie Barker, Mr. G. C. Wilmut, Mr. John A. Wallace of Toronto; Mrs. Loucks of Kingston, Mrs. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. James A. Wallace of Montreal; Mrs. Young of Selkirk, Man., Mrs. Carlette of Chicago, Prof. Iva Martin of the Royal Military College, Kingston, Mr. Charles Davis, Mr. Evan Davis of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Weeks, Mr. J. A. Johnson of Coneseon, Mr. S. P. Niles of Wellington, Mr. Forest of Owen Sound, Mrs. Stevenson of Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Alcorn, Mr. Fred Alcorn, Captain and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Beringer, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Burlington, the Misses Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Boulter, Mr. Fred Balch, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Bogart, Mr. Harry Carter, Mr. James Carter, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Conger, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Conger, Mr. J. W. Conger, Mr. Don Conger, Mr. Campbell, Mr. E. W. Case, Mr. A. W. Cameron, Mr. D. Collier, Miss Nina Conger, Mr. Fred Clark, Miss Mabel Conger, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Dalley, Miss Dougall, Miss Ray Dobson, Miss Rowena Dobson, Miss R. J. F. Dower, the Misses Doherty, Mr. Richard Foster, Mr. Walter Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Fralick, Miss Grace Gearing, Miss Minnie Gibson, Mr. A. W. Hepburn, Miss Annie Hubbs, the Misses Hadden, Mr. E. G. H. Hungerford, Miss Ilsey, Miss Kirby, the Misses Kemp, Dr. and Mrs. Kidd, Miss Grace Loucks, Miss Bella Lake, Mr. J. A. Mulligan, the Misses Moxon, Mr. Fred Millard, Miss Ida Martin, Miss Merrill, Miss Annie Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Martin, Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Moyle, Miss McDougall, the Misses McGivern, Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. T. E. Owens, the Misses Owens, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Parker, Miss Blanche Palen, Miss Aggie Ringer, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redmond, Mr. F. W. Rowland, Mr. H. S. Reynolds, Dr. and Mrs. Stirling, Miss Sills, Mrs. Capt. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Seeds, Miss Della Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Shannon, Mrs. Shannon, Miss Minnie Shannon, Mr. F. S. Selwood, Mrs. E. G. Sills, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Spencer, Miss Spencer, Miss Tait, Mr. Harry Tobey, Mr. and Mrs. VanAmburgh, Mrs. (Dr.) Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Widdifield, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson, the Misses Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Miss Ward and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Young. At twelve o'clock occurred the departure of the 57th. As the regiment marched by the palace scene was a gay one; bands played, and every company was cheered. Col. McDonnell and Quarter-Master Ross accompanied the 57th to the train and went around to each company and bade them good-bye, being greeted with three cheers and a tiger from each company. Mr. H. E. C. Melrose, honorary secretary, is credited with discharging the many duties of his office with zeal, efficiency, and his well known courtesy.

Mrs. F. P. and Master Freddie Reynolds of St. Thomas are visiting Mrs. Halsey of 43 Marlborough avenue.

Several members of the W. A. A. of Canada, Mrs. Dignam, Miss Dalton, Miss Hector, Miss Rees, Mrs. Cox of Cobourg and others, go to Niagara Falls this week to sketch and will remain for a couple of weeks in that vicinity.

A summer house-wedding took place last Wednesday morning at 68 John street, the residence of Mr. G. E. Gibbard, when Miss Laura J. Yarnold, daughter of Mrs. Gibbard, formerly of Whitby, was married to Mr. F. G. Proutt, superintendent Malden Electric Co., Boston, and formerly of Bowmanville. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexander Williams, rector of St. John's church. Miss Yarnold's bridal gown was of cream *faitle*, and she carried a bouquet of roses. Miss J. Francis of Scarborough was bridesmaid, gowned in white dotted muslin trimmed with ribbons; she also carried a bouquet of roses. The best man was Mr. E. Totten of Lindsay, a cousin of the groom. After the ceremony, and congratulations of a large circle of guests, Mr. and Mrs. Proutt left by the two o'clock boat for a trip, via Montreal and the picturesque St. Lawrence route, to Boston, where they will reside in future. The many bridal gifts were much admired, and a feature of the wedding was the pretty house-decoration scheme in sweet peas and ferns.

The Victoria Dramatic Club will give a concert and dance next Thursday evening, July 13, at the club house of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association, Center Island. The fact

of the following well known artists taking part is a safe guarantee of a most enjoyable evening. A special boat will run from Hanlan's Point at 7.30, returning at 11 p. m., for the benefit of the Point people. The following well known artists will take part: Miss Craig, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. Martin Cleworth, Mr. A. C. Fairweather, Mr. Harry Blackey, Mr. Bert Plant, Island Male Quartette, the famous Island Orchestra, the Lyric Trio, and Messrs. Harry W. Rich and W. E. Ramsey, managers of the Roof Garden. Surplus proceeds to be devoted to charity. Tickets are now issued and can be obtained from any member of the following committee: Messrs. E. S. Read, Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, R. L. Cowan, E. F. Ambury, H. Gerald Wade, A. G. W. Langtry, Claude L. N. Norrie, manager.

Miss A. Maud Dunn of Vere Villa, Port Hope, is on a visit to friends on Baldwin street.

Mr. Roy Read of the postoffice department, Port Hope, is in the city.

Miss Ada Jenkins of Kingston is visiting Mrs. Bannerman, Division street. Before returning home she intends spending a few days with friends at Port Hope and Cobourg.

The members of the choir of Our Lady of Lourdes church and their friends, to the number of sixty, through the kindness of some gentlemen in the congregation, were treated to a most enjoyable trip to Niagara Falls and Chippawa on the Chippawa and electric railway. A very pleasant day was spent among the Dufferin Islands and Queen Victoria Park. Rev. Father Walsh, Messrs. Hugh Ryan, Thomas Long and B. B. Hughes had charge of the party and made it pleasant for all. In the evening a sacred concert was given on the boat, which was greatly appreciated by the passengers.

A most enjoyable garden party was given by Mrs. W. T. Kieley last Thursday at her lovely residence in Goderich. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. O'Loane of Stratford. Refreshments were served on the grounds, which were tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the charming hostess was successful in making her many friends spend a delightful afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. James H. Cotton intend leaving for Europe July 18, and will be absent from home about two months.

Mrs. Bosworth, with a jolly party of fourteen, left Union Station on Thursday morning, July 11, in the C. P. R. private car attached to the steamboat express, en route for Mackinaw.

Mrs. Fred Rose and daughter, accompanied by her mother, left to spend the remainder of the summer in Moosejaw, Calgary and Banff.

Miss Chambers, daughter of Park Commissioner Chambers, sailed on Wednesday on the Parisian for Liverpool, and will spend three months with relatives in the Old Country.

Miss Irvine has just returned from Detroit, where she has spent some time studying ceramic art with Sicheff, the famous teacher.

Dr. Fred Capon and Miss Capon are among the number who are visiting the Old Country.

Mrs. Cameron left on Monday for Narragansett Pier, taking a party of four ladies with her, Miss Torrance, Miss Chittcock and the Misses Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenice Hulme of Belleville will sail from New York on July 20 by the North German Lloyd steamship, Kaiser Wilhelm II. They expect to remain abroad for a year.

Mrs. G. W. Yarker was very seriously hurt on Tuesday by a collision with a bicycle. Fortunately no bones were broken, but Mrs. Yarker received a severe blow on the left side, which will confine her to her room for some time.

Miss Jamieson of Peterboro' is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rushbrook.

"It strikes me forcibly," said the fat old gentleman as he stepped off the trolley. And it did strike him, but it was a bicycle, not an idea!

Mrs. Jacob H. Lyons and her three daughters, of 35 St. Patrick street, are summering at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park.

Misses Edith and Blanche Hirst left to-day for a month's vacation at Port Cockburn, Muskoka.

The following are recent arrivals at Stanley House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka: Mr. A. F. Maclean, wife and family, Professor Mackenzie and wife, of Toronto; Mr. S. T. Everett, wife and family, Mrs. M. W. Wood, Miss Marion Wood, Mr. W. D. Mapes, wife and family, Mr. A. M. Hitchcock, Mr. V. C. Taylor and wife, Mr. L. E. Rees, Mr. J. B. Cochran and wife, of Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Chisholm of Close avenue have gone to Muskoka for a few weeks.

Mr. Thomas Mason of 441 Jarvis street had a very serious accident on Wednesday evening, being run over by a trolley car on Yonge street. Mr. Mason was riding on his bicycle, and in passing one car was caught by one going in an opposite direction. His leg was broken and he was generally much shaken.

Mr. Byron E. Walker has been at Saratoga at the late Bankers' Association, and as president of the Canadian B. A. gave an address to the convention.

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Special prices for Trousseau and Mourning Outfits, and will complete them on the shortest notice.

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Single admission to Tournament 25c. Season badge, good for five days, \$1.

On each day of tournament tickets from Toronto to Niagara, good to return same day, including admission to tournament at \$1 for the round trip, can be purchased at Barlow Cumberland's ticket office.

Events in Connection with Tournament
Wednesday, July 10th—Musical and Dance.

Thursday, July 11th—Domino Ball.

Saturday, July 13th—Tournament Hop
Admission to each event, 50c.; ticket admitting to all, three, \$1.—E. SCOTT GRIFFIN, 70 Yonge St.
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Social and Personal.

St. Mark's church, Parkdale, was the scene of a pretty though quiet wedding on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 3, when Miss Steele, one of Parkdale's most charming daughters, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Jagger of Toronto. The officiating clergymen were Rev. Canon Henderson of Orangeville and Rev. G. Taylor of St. Bartholomew's church, Toronto, uncles of the bride. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The bride, leaning on the arm of her father, and looking exceedingly handsome, wore a costume of heliotrope silk, with a large picture hat, and carried a shower bouquet of white bridal roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Henderson and Dr. Elenor Lennox were becomingly attired in cream and white respectively and carried baskets of roses. The groom was supported by Mr. Kemp of Kingston. Miss Williams of Brampton presided at the organ. Mr. and Mrs. Jagger left on the 5.30 train for a tour through Muskoka and the Northern lakes.

Secretary Wilkinson, of the Toronto School Board, left for Denver last week to attend the National Teachers' Convention.

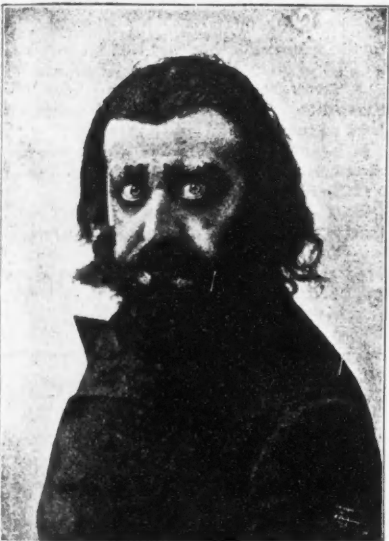
The Misses Stewart of Hamilton and Mrs. Fearman paid a flying visit to Toronto last week.

Mrs. Homer Pingle and Miss Carrie Saunders are at Bracebridge, Muskoka.

An engagement is being whispered of between a handsome young lawyer, who wields a facile pen, and the daughter of a Yorkville house. I have not yet been permitted to mention names.

There should be a splendid turnout at the concert in Massey Hall, Wednesday, July 17, in honor of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada. The programme includes most of the best known singers and public entertainers. Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, Miss Mabel DeGier, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Mr. H. P. Blackey, Major John Stoneman, Mr. Harry Rich and the Queen's Own Band are the attractions.

Those who have read Trilby will be interested in the accompanying portrait of Mr. Wilton Lackey as Svengali. I think this clever actor



Wilton Lackey as Svengali.

makes up a face in this character that is about the most terrible countenance imaginable.

Dr. H. B. Anderson of Wellesley street has returned from a visit to Baltimore and New York.

The following guests are summering at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. Robert and the Misses Birmingham, Miss E. Mason, Miss Blevins, Miss J. Blevins, Miss MacNamara, Miss Hughes, Mrs. G. A. Chapman, Miss Mabel Chapman, Miss Isabel Chapman, Mrs. William Goldstein, Dr. and Mrs. Jerald Ball, Mr. Harold Ball, Mrs. Hyman, and Mrs. Daniel Rose, all of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Moncton of Rochester, N.Y., and Mrs. and Miss Layton of Pittsburgh, Pa. A special train will leave the Union Station at 5.15 p.m. to-day, giving those who wish to spend Sunday at this resort a desirable opportunity. The usual hop takes place this evening.

Trinity Methodist church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday evening. The event was the marriage of Miss Annie A. Hawkins, daughter of Mr. W. M. Hawkins of Burnhamthorpe and Mr. George H. Coulter, district superintendent of the Chicago and Great Western Railway at Elma, Iowa. The groomsmen were Rev. Wesley Dean of Parkdale, Rev. Geo. Walker of Malton officiated and was assisted by Revs. A. P. Salter of Alton and Simpson of Malton. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white duchess satin, with train of medium length; point de venise lace draped in curves and caught with bows of grosgrain Dresden ribbon added superior beauty to the costume. The bridal veil of tulle was fastened with sprays of orange blossoms, forming a graceful wreath about the coiffure, and extended quite to the edge of the train. The conventional white rose in an immense shower bouquet was carried by the bride. The bridesmaids were Miss Susie Price, who wore a delicate cream costume, Miss S. Coulter, in a dainty dress of Nile green, and Miss L. Stonehouse, in a gown of shell pink. India silk and ribbon of the harmonizing tints trimmed the bridesmaids' costumes, and bouquets of pink and cream roses looked very appropriate. Misses May Price and Mabel Edwards, nieces of the bride and groom, in Empire gowns of dotted muslin with valenciennes lace and ribbon, acted as maids of honor. They carried pink and white carnations. Messrs. Price, Shields and G. C. Price performed the duty of ushers. A reception was held at Willow Lodge, the residence of Mr. Hawkins, at which about one hundred and fifty guests assembled. After



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congratulations were offered the guests repaired to the dining-room where refreshments were served by Webb. The presents were elegant and rare. Many pieces of delicate Dresden, and books, silverware and fancywork were among these kindly evidences of appreciation. Miss Hawkins' friends being happy to give some tangible proof of the regard her sweet personality has always inspired. A handsomely bound family Bible was presented by the members of Trinity choir. The bride wore a going-away gown of light fawn silk and wool novelty cloth with tints of green and pink. Mr. and Mrs. Coulter left by the late train, for an extensive tour among the Thousand Isles and Eastern points, after which they will return to their American home followed by the kindest wishes of hosts of friends who wish for them a joyous and prosperous future.

The following are registered at Cleveland's Muskoka: Mr. James Blinn, Mrs. W. T. Bowersmith and child of Columbus, Ohio, Miss L. Atkin, Mr. A. T. Lawson, Miss Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. James Warren, Mr. and Mrs. James Baird, children and nurse, Mr. J. L. Buchan, Miss Buchan, Mrs. Little of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Plaskett, Miss B. Plaskett, Miss Sweetman, Mr. and Mrs. Kappale, children and nurses; Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell, children and nurse, Mrs. McClain, Miss McClain and Mrs. Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, children and nurse, Mrs. Sutherland and Master Dudley Sutherland of Stayner, and Miss Florence Watson are at Hutton House, Muskoka.

Mr. G. W. Harrington, a member of Carlton street Methodist church choir, has been presented by the organist, Mr. Hewlett, with a gold medal for best average in attendance in the choir during the past year.

Mrs. G. H. Manver and children are visiting friends in Michigan.

Mrs. Church of Rosedale and Mrs. Townsend are guests at Spencerwood, Government House, Quebec.

Miss Hagarty of Winnipeg Collegiate Institute (formerly of the Girls' Model School, Toronto) sailed on Wednesday, July 3, on the steamship New York for Southampton. She was accompanied by Miss Stone of Sarnia, Miss Brydon of Toronto and Miss Johnston of Winnipeg. They will make an extensive trip, visiting England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany.

Mr. Attwood H. Cameron and bride, of Boston, passed through the city on Tuesday on their way to the St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron will spend a fortnight at Mr. C. H. C. Wright's cottage, near Pickering, en route.

St. George street has quite a deserted air on visiting day (Tuesday). So many houses are closed for the hot months. Most of our

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people, who leave town, are good enough to ensure stay-at-homes a treat in glimpses of pretty flowers and well watered lawns, for which the gardener gets many a word of praise from those who know neither his master nor himself.

A regular procession of bicycles starts north, east and west from five to seven o'clock each evening. Judges, parsons, lawyers, dukes and many varied types of womanhood trundle along on the asphalt and dodge the crowds on the corners. And the after dark riding lessons are still in full swing on the various fashionable asphalt-by-streets.

Dr. N. G. Bowbeer of Baltimore, Md., is spending his vacation in Toronto. At a recent examination at the University of Maryland, Dr. Bowbeer received the Gold Medal with Honors.

Mrs. and Miss Birdie Cobban of 537 Sherbourne street left last week for Mackinaw and the North. They were accompanied by Mr. W. E. Cobban of Howard street and expect to remain away until September.

Mr. Henry Brock of the Toronto Church School left the city last Saturday for Haultane, Stony Lake, where he and his family will enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lundy for two months.

At the hop to be given by Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, this evening, the Thespian club, under the stage direction of Mr. Herbert Fortier, will play the sparkling comedy, The Alumni Play. The members taking part are: Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Campbell, Miss Radcliffe and Miss Bonham.

Mrs. Frank A. Gray of Spencer avenue, Parkdale, is summering at Burlington Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Hunt and family are spending the month of July at Oshawa, the guests of Mrs. A. B. Demill of Demill Ladies' College.

The Island Association dances are increasing in vogue. On Saturday a quite animated crowd gathered in the Assembly room, with its excellent floor, and danced with much vigor, in spite of the heat. Some new faces—some transient guests and some residents—lent additional interest to the affair. The girls wore their simple boating and tennis frocks, and some even kept on their hats and tams, (which isn't at all so pretty as leaving them off, by the way.) Mrs. Earsman's good music was inspiring. I noticed the Misses Mercer Adam with Mrs. Bartlett, Miss McCord looking sweetly pretty in blue and black, Miss McNaught, an ideal summer girl, in a smart pink blouse and dark skirt; Miss Leslie Preston, looking bright and bonnie in blue duck; Miss Grace Cowan, as much sought after as usual; Mrs. Thompson, who looked very sweet; Mrs. Dyas and her daughter came in rather late, and so did a good many men who had been at business meetings regarding—I am told—future interesting aquatic affairs. A new cavalier this season is Mr. Becher Furness, a young Londoner, grandson of the late Mr. H. C. R. Becher of Beechwood. Mr. Harry O'Reilly still wears his white knee-breeches and dances as lightly and deftly as of old. I heard an animated discussion on a dim balcony as to who was really the very best dancer on the Island, and honors were even between three young men, to have any one of whom for a partner was declared to be cause

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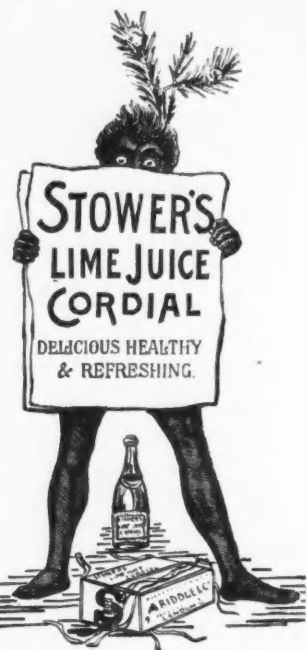
They are so convenient for putting on or laying aside just as occasion requires. We carry an immense variety, in the very best makes, marked at prices which cannot be beaten anywhere. Just now we are making a special run on a large shipment of REAL WELSH WRAP SHAWLS at \$2.50 each, which were formerly \$4 apiece. From the fact that our entire time and attention are given to Dry Goods only, we are enabled to offer Highest Class Goods at prices asked for inferior qualities, and invite comparison to substantiate this claim. Write us if away from town.

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for gratitude. A few of the other guests I noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Mrs. James Pringle, Mr. Laidlaw, Mrs. Walker, and Messrs. Creelman, Douglas Macdougall, Merrick and Wynder Strath. I believe a large number intend taking in the hop this evening.

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The French Model has the same length of waist as the Long Waist Coraline Corset, and differs from it only by being shorter below the hips and at the front, which will commend it to those who wish a shorter Corset with Long Waist. They can always be recognized, as they have our name with Coraline and date of patent stamped on the inside of the Corset.

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Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Coquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Read in Sans, and read like in Sans, There shall ye see express, that it no drede is, That he is gentle that doth gentle deede."

Crosby looks a little surprised at finding Susan here.

"How d'ye do," again says he.

Susan without enthusiasm gives him her hand. She is busy wondering what could have brought him in here of all places. Fond of chocolates, perhaps.

"Why, there you are, Bonnie," says Mr. Crosby gaily. "No wonder I didn't see you in that nice big chair. How d'ye do, Miss Ricketty. I hope you have been behaving yourself properly since last I saw you."

"Oh! Mr. Crosby." The old maid shakes her head at him with delight.

"No fresh flirtations, I trust."

"Oh! I hear to him!" Miss Ricketty is laughing like a girl.

"And how is the giant?"

"Me brother is very well, thank you, sir. An' he wants to see ye badly about that cricket match in the park. They say that Tim Murphy is goin' to be very troublesome over it."

"Not a bit of it. Tell your brother that I've squared the militant Tim, and that he will turn up all right. What charming sweets, Bonnie! I love sweets. Don't you?"

He has made a sign to Miss Ricketty, who is now making up a splendid parcel.

"Bonnie has had a cake," says Susan. She would have said a great deal more if Tommy had been in question. Indeed, then she would have refused distinctly, but Bonnie's little lovely smiling face, and the joy she knows it will give the gentle child to share Mr. Crosby's gift with his little brother, stops her. She says nothing more, though it is actual pain for her to have to accept these sweets for her brother from Crosby. It is a debt she owes to Bonnie to suffer thus. But then, what does she not owe Bonnie?

"L'appetit vient en mangeant," says Crosby.

"Miss Ricketty, don't be in such a hurry to tie up that parcel. Bonnie and I want something out of it first." He puts a delightful box of chocolate creams on Bonnie's knee as he speaks, then turns to Susan.

"I suppose I don't offer you anything," says he in a low tone. Miss Ricketty becomes at once absorbed in a bottle of bull's eyes.

"No," says Susan gently, "thank you."

"Not even an apology?"

Susan glances quickly at him and then hesitates. Perhaps she would have said something, but at this moment Miss Barry, with Betty and Dom and Carew enter the shop.

"We saw you through the window," cries Betty, and suddenly Susan's thoughts run riot. Had he seen her through the window?

"And so we came in. We must hurry, Susan, all the world is going to have its picture taken. Even Lady Millbank; though goodness alone knows why. And such a guy as she looks in that heavy mantle, that heavy thing—"

"A regular over-mantle," says Dom.

"Bless me," says Miss Barry, suddenly breaking off her conversation with Miss Ricketty over the proper treatment of young fowl when they come to be three months old. "Susan, you and Betty are wearing the same frocks."

"Yes, it was I who arranged that," says Betty calmly. "In some way, Susan and I have never worn those frocks together before, and I have heard that those horrid old Murphy girls—"

"Not the Murphys, Betty. The Stauntons," says Susan.

"It doesn't matter; they are all old maids alike," says Betty lightly. "Anyway, I have heard that some of the weird women of Curraghmore have said that we were short of clothes, because Susan and I had only one dress between us. This," smoothing down her pretty serge frock, "is the one in question. So I'm going to be photographed with Susan in it, if only to upset their theories and give them some bad half hours with their cronies—cronies never spare one."

"You and Susan are going to be photographed together," says Miss Barry, who is getting a stormy look in her eyes. "You will not then be taken separately?"

"Oh, yes," says Betty airily. "Separately too. I hate double pictures as a rule, but when duty calls—"

Miss Barry is now making wild, pantomimic signs to Susan. "Stop her!" her lips are saying. "Stop her at all risks, or we shall be eternally disgraced."

And indeed, the poor lady had not another penny to spend beyond what she had already arranged for. If this double picture that the rash and reckless Betty speaks of becomes an accomplished fact, who is to pay for it? Not Miss Barry, certainly, because she has nothing wherewith to pay. And naturally the photographer will demand his just fees, and then all will come out, and—

She is on the point of appealing to Miss Ricketty when Dom nudges her.

"It's all right," whispers he. "I have enough for that. I've settled it with Betty."

Miss Barry gives him a grateful look, greatly interspersed with rebuke. Such a throwing away of good money! As if that conceited child could not be satisfied with one representation of her face. She must really speak to Dom about his folly, later—a little later on.

It doesn't seem folly at all to Dominic, who is a most generous youth, if extravagant—and who would give a great deal more to this photographic business if it was in his power. But a great deal has been spent of late on cartridges for the murdering of Mr. Crosby's rabbits, so much indeed that cigarettes have grown scarce, and pipes a luxury, spite of even the small sums that Carew has thrown into the common fund. Carew has generally a shilling or two in his pockets, the Rector deeming it advisable to give to his eldest son, out of his terribly inadequate income, a certain amount of pocket money, to prepare him for the time

when he will be thrown on his own resources; to teach him to economize now, so that when he is gazetted and has to rely on his own slender allowance, he will be able to understand how to make money go as far as it can.

All through the boy's educational course, he had felt it a sort of madness to put him into the army at all. A boy who must necessarily live entirely on his pay—a forlorn arrangement in these fast days, and one out of which only ten per cent. rises successfully. But the last wish of his dying wife had been that Carew should enter the army. She had come of a good fighting stock herself, poor soul, to which she remained faithful, having fought her own fight with poverty most bravely until she died; and the Rector, who had cared less and less for earthly things since she had gone to Heaven, had not the heart or the strength to refuse that dying wish.

"You're sure you have it?" whispers back Miss Barry to Dom.

"Certain!"

"Then!" sharply, "it would have been much more to your credit if you had kept it!"

"To my credit, yes!" says Dom.

"A more disgraceful display of extravagance—"

Miss Barry, either from the forced whispering, or indignation, here grows hoarse, and coughs a little, whereupon Miss Ricketty, who is now intensely interested and is listening with all her might, holds out to her a jar of jubes. But Miss Barry waves them off.

"I suppose it is the last penny?" asks she, still addressing Dom in a whisper, but with a magisterial air.

"Yes—nearly," says he.

The "nearly" is a concession to the truth. He has indeed three shillings left out of his monthly allowance, but these are already accounted for. They are to buy three copies of Betty for his own special apartment. One to be hung up over his gun, one over his bookcase, and one over his study table.

"That's the one you'll never see," Betty had said to him tauntingly, and most ungratefully, when he told her of the decision he had come to about his last three shillings.

Miss Barry, now turning away from him with a heart decidedly heavy, directs her conversational powers on Crosby.

"I congratulate you on being in good time," says she. "When Betty and I started we had great trouble in getting Carew and Dominick to come with us. They were dreadfully late, and we said then, Betty and I, that you would surely be late. But you," smiling and wagging her curls, "have behaved splendidly. I do appreciate a young man who can be punctual."

Susan glances quickly at her. "Young man!" Is she in earnest, and after all that Betty had said?

"Young man." Is he a young man? Well, she has often thought so—she had even told Betty so—here she glances at Betty, but Betty is now enjoying a word to word dispute with Dominick.

Any way she had told her. But Betty—what does she know? She has declared a man once over thirty, old. But Aunt Jemima thinks otherwise. And really when one comes to think of it, Aunt Jemima—at times—is very clever! Almost deep, indeed! And certainly very clever in her conclusions.

"Look, there are the Blakes coming out," cries Betty suddenly, who is standing on tip-toe at the window, which commands a fine view of the entrance to the photographer's.

"Auntie—Susan—let us go, before any other people come."

With this they all in a body cross the road, Carew having caught up Bonnie, who is all eagerness to see this wonderful thing that will put Susan's face on paper.

Upstairs they march in a body, to find themselves presently in a most evil-smelling corridor, out of which the studio door opens and some people of the farming class, and very flurried and flushed, walk nervously down the little lane between them.

"Now is your time!" says Betty, who is really quite irrepresible to-day. She takes the lead and they all swarm after her into the studio, to find there an emaciated man in highly respectable clothes regarding them with a melancholy eye. Collodion seems to have saturated him.

"Aunt Jemima, you first," says Susan.

"Yes, certainly," says Dom. "First come first served. And you know, in spite of Betty's well meant endeavors, you entered the room first."

"Besides which, it is the part of the young to give way to their elders," says Miss Barry, striving to keep up her dignity whilst dying with terror. The photographer and the great big thing over there with dingy velvet cloth over it has subdued her almost out of recognition.

"Now, auntie, come on. He's looking at you," "He" is the photographer, who has now indeed turned a lack-lustre eye on Miss Barry.

"We are rather pressed for time," says he in a lugubrious tone. "Which lady wishes to be taken first?"

"Answer him, auntie," says Susan.

"What impertinence! Hurrying us like this," says Miss Barry.

She has recovered something of her old courage now, though still being frightened, and turns a freezing eye upon the photographer, who is so accustomed to all sorts of eyes, that it fails to effect him in any way.

"Really, auntie, you ought to have yours taken first," says Dominick seriously; "and as soon as possible. There's murder in that man's eye. Don't incense him further."

The photographer is now standing in an adamant attitude, but his eye entreating cries, "Come on, come on."

But no one stirs.

"A most insolent creature," says Miss Barry, who has unfortunately taken a dislike to him.

"Look at him, one would think we had to have our picture taken by law rather than by choice. Susan, did you ever see so villainous a

countenance. No, my dear, I—I really feel—I couldn't have my picture sent to your uncle if taken by an assassin like that." She holds back.

"Nonsense, Miss Barry," says Crosby gaily. "You have too much spirit to be daunted by a mere cast of countenance. And we—we have no spirit at all—so we depend upon you to give us a lead."

"I assure you, Mr. Crosby, if it had been any other man but this. . . . However, I submit."

Whereupon with much outward dignity and many inward quakings she approaches the chair before the camera and seats herself upon it.

"A little more this way, please ma'am," says the photographer.

"Which way?" asks Miss Barry in a distinctly aggressive voice.

"If you would pose yourself a little more like this," and the photographer throws himself into a sentimental attitude.

"Mercy! What ails the man!" says Miss Barry turning to Crosby. "Do you, my dear Mr. Crosby, do you think the wretched being has been imbibing too freely?"

"No, no, not at all," says Crosby reassuringly. "You must sit like this"—coming to the photographer's help with a will—"just a little bit round here, d'ye see, so as to make a good picture. That will give a better effect afterwards, and of course he is anxious to make as good a photograph of you as he can."

At this Miss Barry condescends to move a little in the way directed. She clutches hold of Susan, however, during the placing of her, and whispers thrillingly:

"I don't believe in him, Susan! Look at his eye. It squints! Could a squinter give one a good photograph?"

"Now, madam!" says the camera man, in a dying tone. He has heard nothing, but is annoyed in a dejected fashion by the delay. "If you are quite ready."

"Are you?" retorts Miss Barry.

"Yes, ma'am. He comes forward to rearrange her draperies and herself, her short colloquy with Susan having been sufficiently lively to disturb the recent pose. He pulls out her gown, then steps back to further study her, and finally takes her head between his hands with a view to putting that into the right position also.

If the poor man had only known the consequences of this rash act he would perhaps rather have given up his profession than committed it.

"How dare you, sir!" cries Miss Barry, pushing him back and making frightful passes in the air, as a defence against another attack of his upon her maiden cheek.

"Carew, where are you? Dominick! Susan, Susan, do you see how I have been outraged?"

"Dear auntie," says Susan in a low tone, Carew and Dominick being incapacitated for service, "you mistake him. He only wants to arrange you for your picture. It is always done. Don't you see?"

"I don't," says Miss Barry stoutly. "I see only that you are all a silly set of children, who do not understand the iniquity of a man!"

This creature—she points to the photographer, who has gone back in a melancholy way to his slides, and is pulling them in and out, by way of exercise perhaps. "However, Susan, I'll go through with it. Insolent and depraved as this creature evidently is, coming from a huge metropolis like Dublin he scarcely knows how to behave himself with decent people. I must request you to tell him, however, that I refuse—absolutely refuse—to let him caress my face again!"

Thus peace is restored with honor, for the time being. And the unlucky man who has been selected by an unkind Providence to transmit Miss Barry's face to futurity, once again approaches her.

"Now, ma'am, if you will kindly sit just so, and if you will look at this—a little more pleasantly, please" (holding up a photograph of Lord Rosebery that he has been carrying about to delight the Irish people). "Ah, that's better; that earnest expression will—"

"Who's that?" cries Miss Barry, springing to her feet. "Is that the Radical miscreant who has taken old Gladstone's place? God bless me, man, do you think I'm going to be pleasant when I look at him?"

The wretched photographer, now utterly dumfounded, casts a despairing glance at Crosby, who is certainly the oldest, and therefore probably the most sensible of the party. The noise of feet in the passage outside of impatient customers is rendering the poor man miserable. Yet it is impossible to turn this terrible old woman out, when there are so many with her waiting to be taken and to pay their money.

"I assure you, sir, I thought that picture would please the lady. I'm only lately from England, and they told me—"

"A lot of lies. Ah, yes, that's of course," says Crosby, interrupting him sympathetically. "But what they didn't teach you was that there are two opinions, you know. You can show Lord Rosebery to the people who have not shillings in the world and not a grandfather amongst them; but I think you had better show Miss Barry a photograph of Lord Salisbury, and if you haven't that one of the Queen. She's quite devoted to the Queen."

"I wish I'd been told, sir," says the photographer so wearily, that Crosby decides on giving him a substantial tip for himself when the sittings are over.

"Now, ma'am," says the photographer, returning to the charge with splendid courage, seeing Miss Barry has reseated herself in the chair, after prolong persuasion from Carew and Susan. Betty and Dominick, it must be confessed, have behaved disgracefully. Retiring behind a huge screen, and there stifling their mirth in an extremely insufficient manner, gurgles and indeed gasps have come from between its joints to the terrified Susan.

"And now, ma'am, will you kindly turn a little more this way." The poor man's voice has grown quite apologetic. "Ah, that's better! Thank you, ma'am. And if I might pull out your dress? Yes, that's all right. And your elbow, ma'am, please."

"Good gracious, why can't he stop," thinks poor Susan, who sees wrath growing again within Miss Barry's eye. "It is just a little, a very little, too pointed. Ah, yes. There!

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And your foot, ma'am—under your dress, if you please."

Here Miss Barry snorts audibly, and the photographer starts back; but hearing is not seeing, and he rashly regains his courage and rushes to his destruction.

"That's well, very well," says he, not being sufficiently acquainted with Miss Barry to note the signs of coming war upon her face, "and if you will now please shut your mouth—"

Miss Barry rises once more like a whirlwind. "Shut your own, sir!" cries she, shaking her fist at him.

There is one awful moment, a moment charged with electricity; then it is all over. The worst has come, there can be nothing more. Miss Barry is again pressed into her chair. The photographer having come to the comforting conclusion that she is a confirmed lunatic spares no more pains over her, refuses to adjust her robe, to put her face into position, or revise her expression, and simply takes her as she is. The result is that he turns out the very best photograph that he has taken for many a year.

After this things go smoothly enough, until at last even Betty—who has proved a troublesome customer, if a very charming one—declares herself satisfied.

"No more, sir?" says the photographer to Crosby, whom he has elected to address as being the principal member of the party. To speak to Miss Barry would have been beyond the poor man.

"Oh yes, one more," says Crosby.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"If sorrow stole
A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self
Might envy well the charm that sorrow lent
To every perfect feature."

He draws Bonnie forward, Bonnie who has been sitting so quietly in his corner for the past thirty minutes enchanted with the strange scene. He had cared nothing for his aunt's eccentricities; he had thought only of the wonderful things that were done behind that dingy black velvet curtain. Oh, if he could only get behind it, too, and find out. The sickly child's frame was weak, but his mind was fresh and strong and ran freely into regions far beyond his ken.

With the boy's hand in his Crosby turns courteously to Miss Barry.

"I hope you will let me have this charming face taken, if only for my own gratification," says he. "I have long wished it. And as he is here—if you will allow me. It is quite an ideal type, you know. I may have him photographed?"

"Yes—yes," says Miss Barry, with slow acquiescence, uttered between her pauses. And then all at once, as if she has come to the end of her hesitation, "Yes, certainly." She looks at Susan as if for approval, but Susan does not return her glance. She has cast down her eyes, and is distinctly pale.

Poor Susan! So delighted at the thought of having a picture of her Bonnie given her, yet so sorry for the occasion of it. She has lowered her eyes so that no one may see what she is thinking about, or what she is suffering—the quick beating of her heart is also a secret known only to herself.

The throbs run like this: Oh, how good of him! Oh, no matter what he is, or whom he loves, he will surely give her one of Bonnie's pictures, a picture of her lovely, pretty Bonnie! Meantime Bonnie is being taken by the photographer. And so still, so calm a little subject he is, that his picture is perhaps the best of all after Miss Barry's, which is unique. Just Bonnie's head! Only that! But as sweet, so perfect, and the earnest eyes—

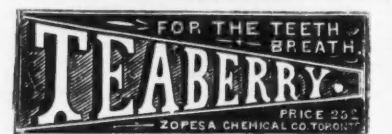
The photographer tells them that they shall have them all in a week or so. The photographer's "week or so" is so well understood by the people that the Barry's tell themselves in

whispers in the little studio, that if they get them in a fortnight they may thank their lucky stars.

"A fortnight with that man," says Miss Barry, with ill-subdued wrath. "A month you mean. I tell you, he's got the evil eye!"

Having thus relieved herself, and the photographer having vanished into a room beyond, she rises into happier ways.

"Anyway, in spite of him," says she, pointing towards the dark doorway into which he has vanished, "this must be called a most happy occasion. An auspicious one even, indeed." Miss Barry is always on immense terms with her dictionary. "I really think," with sudden sprightliness; "we should all exchange



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photos. I hope, Mr. Crosby," turning pleasantly to him, "that you will give us one of yours."

"I shall give you one with pleasure, Miss Barry," says Crosby, "and feel very proud about your wanting to have it. I shall, however, demand one of yours in return. As to your suggestion about a general exchange—I think it delightful." He turns suddenly to Susan. "I hope you will give me one of yours," says he.

Susan hesitates. To give her picture to him, when he thinks Lady Muriel Kennedy so lovely—why, if he thinks a girl is so very lovely—she has described Lady Muriel to herself as a mere girl—why should he want a photograph of hers?

Miss Barry has noticed Susan's hanging back, and wondering that she should refuse her photograph to so good a friend, comes quickly forward.

"Susan! I really think you might give Mr. Crosby your picture. You know, Mr. Crosby, I have always kept the girls a little strict. And perhaps Susan thinks—"

"I don't," says Susan with sudden vehemence. She has shrunk back a little. Her lovely eyes have suddenly grown shaded. "It isn't that, auntie."

"Auntie takes such queer views of things," says Susan, pale and unhappy. "It seems, however, that she would like me to give you my photograph. Well—grudgingly—you can have it!"

"I didn't want it on those terms," says Crosby. "And yet," quickly, "I do on any terms."

"Oh no," says Susan, "Auntie is right. Why should I refuse it to you?"

"Susan," says he, "is the feud so strong as all that? Will you refuse me your picture?"

"No, I shall give it," says she faintly smiling. "But I shall make a bargain with you. If you will give me one of Bonnie's, you shall have one of mine."

"I gain, but you do not," says he. "For you should have had one of Bonnie all the same. But what has come between us, Susan? I thought I was quite a friend of yours. Why am I to be dismissed like this without even a character? You must remember one great occasion, when you said that anyone who was allowed to go through my grounds would be sure to treat me with respect—or something like that. Now you have often gone through my grounds, Susan, and is this respect that you are offering me?"

"I thought," says Susan gravely, "that you promised never to speak of that again."

"Of what? Respect?"

"No—of that," reluctantly, "that day in the garden. The dawn of a blush appears upon her face, and her eyes rest on him reproachfully. "You are not to be depended on," says she.

"Oh! Susan!"

His air is so abject that, in spite of herself, Susan laughs, and presently she holds out her hand to him with the sweetest air. "Anyway, I have to thank you a thousand times for having had my Bonnie's picture taken," says she. She gives her hand. Tears rise in her eyes. "You could never know how I wished for it," says she.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you, should I begin to speak, my soul's so full, then I should talk of nothing else all day."

"Now, Miss Manning," says Wyndham in his quick, alert, business-like way. He steps back and motions her to go through the gateway that Mrs. Denis had opened about three inches a minute ago.

Miss Manning, a tall, thin, rather nervous looking lady of very decided age, steps inside the gate and glances from Wyndham to Mrs. Denis and back again, interrogatively.

"This is Miss Moore's housekeeper, cook and general factotum," says Wyndham, making a hasty introduction, and with a warning glance towards Mrs. Denis, who has dropped a rather stiff courtesy. "Yours, too! She will remove all troubles from your shoulders and will take excellent care of you, I don't doubt." He pauses to give Mrs. Denis—who is looking glum to say the least of it—room for one of her always only too ready speeches, but nothing comes. "Eh!" says he, in a sharp metallic voice that brings Mrs. Denis to her senses with a jump.

"Yes, sir," says she—and no more. No promises of obedience.

Wyndham hurries Miss Manning past her. "The other maid you can manage," says he in a low tone, "and no doubt Mrs. Denis after a while. She is a highly respectable woman if a little unreasonable, and a little too devoted to your pupil. About the latter," hastily, "you know everything—her whole history—that is, so far as I know it—even to her peculiarities. You quite understand that she refuses to leave these grounds, and you know, too, her reasons for refusing. Reasons not to be combated. They seem absurd to me, as I don't believe that fellow has the slightest claim upon her, but she thinks otherwise. And—well—They are her reasons," he pauses, "and therefore to be respected."

"Certainly," says Miss Manning, in a low, very gentle voice; "I respect them." Her voice is charming. Wyndham tells himself that he could hardly have made a better choice of a companion for this strange girl who has been so inconveniently flung into his life. Miss Manning's face, too, is one to inspire instant confidence. Her eyes are earnest and thoughtful; her mouth kind, if sad. That she had endured much sorrow is written on every feature; but troubles have failed to embitter a spirit made up of nature's sweetest graces. And now, indeed, joy is lighting up her gentle heart. A month ago she had been in almost abject poverty, scarce knowing where to find the next day's bread, when a most merciful God had sent her Paul Wyndham, to lift her from her slough of despond to such a state of prosperity as she had never dared to dream of, since as a child she ran gaily in her father's meadows.

"I am sure of that," says Wyndham heartily. "I am certain I can give her into your hands in all safety. I know very little of her, but she seems a good girl, not altogether tractable, perhaps, but I hope you will be able to get on with her. If, however, the dullness, the en-

forced solitude, becomes too much for you, you must let me know."

"I shall never have to let you know that," said Miss Manning in a low, tremulous tone. "A home in the country, a young companion, a garden to tend. For long and very sad years I have dreamt of such things, but never with a hope of seeing them. And now, if I have seemed poor in my thanks, Paul—"

She breaks off, turning her head aside.

"Yes, yes; I understand," says Wyndham hurriedly, dreading, yet feeling very tenderly towards her emotion. Once again he congratulates himself on having thought of this sweet woman in his difficulty.

"And for myself," says she calmly, now again, "I should never like to stir from this lovely garden." They are walking by one of the paths bordered with flowers. "I have been so long accustomed to solitude that, like my pupil, I shrink from breaking it. To see no one but her and," delicately, "you, occasionally. I hope, is all I ask."

"You may perhaps have to see the Barrys now and then, the Rectory's people. They live over the way," says Wyndham, pointing towards where the Rectory trees can be seen. "I found the last time I was here that Susan, the eldest girl, had come in, or been brought in, by Miss Moore, so that there is already a slight acquaintance, and with girls," says the barrister somewhat contemptuously, "that means an immediate, if not altogether undying friendship."

"Yes," says Miss Manning. She feels a faint surprise. "It is not so much, then, that she does not desire to know people, as she refuses to stir out of this place?"

"That is how I take it. I wanted her very much to move about—to let herself be known. Honestly, coloring slightly, "it is rather awkward for me to have a tenant so very mysterious, as she seems bent on being. I urged her to declare herself at once as my tenant and wait events, but she seemed so terrified at the idea of leaving these four walls that I gave up the argument. Perhaps you may bring her to reason. Or perhaps the rector and his youngsters may have the desired effect of putting an end to this morbidity. By-the-by, I am going over to the Rectory after I have introduced you to—"

"Ella," was on the tip of his tongue, but he substitutes "Miss Moore" in time.

The very near slip renders him thoughtful for a minute or two. Why should he have called her Ella? Had he ever thought of her as Ella? Most positively never.

He is so absorbed in his introspection that he fails to see a slight, timid figure coming down the steps of the Cottage. Miss Manning touches his arm.

"Is this Miss Moore?" cries she in an excited whisper. "Oh, what a charming face!"

And, indeed, Ella is charming as she now advances, very pale, as if frightened, and with her dark eyes glancing anxiously from Wyndham to the stranger and back again. She has no hat on her head, and a sunbeam has caught her chestnut hair and turned it to glistening gold.

"I hope you received my letter last night," says Wyndham, calling out to her and hastening his footsteps. "You see," awkwardly, "I have brought you—brought you—" He stops, waiting for Miss Manning to come up, and growing hopelessly embarrassed.

"Your friend, my dear, I trust," says Miss Manning gently, taking the girl's hand in both her own, and regarding her with anxious eyes. Ella flushes crimson. She has so dreaded, so feared this moment, and now, this gentle, sad-eyed woman, with her soft voice and pretty impulsive speech! Tears rise to the girl's eyes. Nervously, yet eagerly, she leans forward and presses her lips to Miss Manning's fair, if withered, cheek.

(To be Continued.)

Books and Authors.

ALTHOUGH somewhat of a laggard in the matter I desire to say a few words in appreciation of the able book given us by Dean Harris of St. Catharines, The Catholic Church in Niagara Peninsula, 1626-1895. It is an important addition to the altogether too small library of historical volumes written by Canadians in regard to the building up of the country, and notwithstanding the author's modest pretence, he is to be highly commended for his thorough survey of the field and the literary charm of his narrative. This book is of special interest to Roman Catholics, yet any reading man will find profit in its perusal, for it contains much of general historical interest and many interesting portraits and illustrations. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

Miss Johanna E. Wood, whose book, The Untempered Wind, is recognised as one of the most important novels issued in America during the past year, was in Toronto this week. Miss Wood possesses not only talent, but unusual beauty and a most engaging manner—in all ways singularly favored of the gods. As one views the published portraits of lady writers the thought very often obtrudes itself that these are women who have been made clever by abnormal experiences, grown wise in trouble, smart in bitterness of spirit, committing their heart-beats to paper; but no such idea can be entertained of Miss Wood, who is radiant in health and youth. I am very glad to understand that The Untempered Wind will be followed in the autumn by another story, already finished, and entirely different in purpose and treatment from the former. It is unnecessary to say that after the unstinted praise bestowed by all the leading American critics upon The Untempered Wind much interest will attach to this forthcoming story. I am prepared to find it superior even to the first one. Miss Woods formerly resided at Queenston, Ont., but now makes her permanent residence in Boston.

Mr. Frank Yeigh of Toronto possesses an interesting series of scrap books containing portraits and cartoons of Gladstone and other British statesmen, the result of years of gathering from all sources. The volumes picture the Grand Old Man in no less than three hundred and fifty phases, including copies of nearly all the portraits of him as well as scores of car-

toons by Tenniel, Gould, Halkett and other cartoonists. In addition everything pertaining to Gladstone's home, his library and other rooms, his frequent visits abroad, scenes from his early parliamentary days, specimens of his handwriting at different periods are thus pictured so that Mr. Yeigh possesses a history in illustrations of the ex-premier. Almost equally interesting are the hundreds of portraits and cartoons of Balfour, Chamberlain, Salisbury, Harcourt and other English celebrities. The books possess a peculiar value however in their pictured reminders of Gladstone himself.

Mr. Henry James, whose Terminations have just been brought out, is a tall, dark, well-built man with a short, black beard, rather an Eastern type of face, and large, calm, blue-gray eyes, indicative of great reserved force. He is sometimes unusually silent, sometimes a great and extremely brilliant talker, rarely anything between the two.

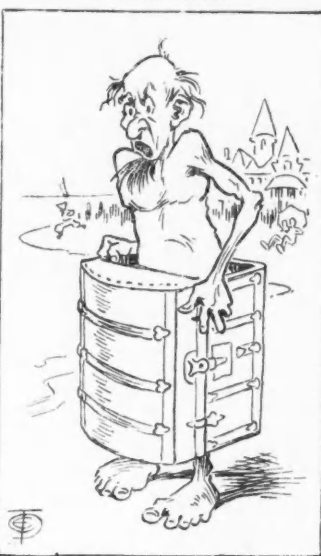
Some people are surmising that Mr. Rudyard Kipling will be received with a certain coolness in military circles when he re-visits India accompanied by his wife, next cold weather. It is supposed that the recent ballads in The Pall Mall Gazette have not been warmly appreciated by those who have to do with Tommy Atkins.

The Canadian Magazine for July contains a further paper from C. R. W. Bigger, Q.C., on Rome Re-Visited; an interesting paper on Hypnotism, by George M. Aylesworth, M.D.; Selfishness and Socialism, by Robert L. Simpson; a story by R. F. Dixon, entitled By the Judgment of God, and other attractive items.

The Badminton Gazette will come out this month. It is to be devoted to sporting. Outing will also issue a London edition.

Among the new books received this week is The Story of Bessie Costrell, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, which I have not yet found time to read. The Toronto News Co. handle it for Canada. J. R. WYE.

Misunderstood.



"If I could catch the editor what said they wuz wearin' trunks down here, he'd wish he wuz wearin' safes."

(Copyrighted.)

Entirely Safe.

Boston Herald.

"Did you ever hear of Noces's most generous offer to the town of Littleton?"

"No; what was it?"

"He offers to give the town five hundred thousand dollars for a free library if the citizens will raise a similar amount."

"But Noces is not worth five hundred thousand dollars."

"Neither are the citizens of Littleton."

Her Method.

Life.

"Mrs. Brown never sits up to wait for her husband."

"No?"

"No. When she expects him to be out late she retires early, sets the alarm at three o'clock and gets up, refreshed and reproachful."

The Proper Thing.

Judge.

"Say, fellows," said Bad-Eyed Jake to the rest of the vigilantes, "that tenderfoot who stole the horse claims to be an artist."

"In that case," replied Arizona Pete, as he shifted his wad of tobacco from his left cheek to his right, "it would only be doing the proper thing to appoint a hangin' committee to attend to his case."

Why does a Woman's Beauty Fade with Youth?

NATURE intends all women to be beautiful and healthy, and by careful attention to the following every woman can preserve her beauty long after her youth is past.

Anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is Beauty's greatest enemy. An Anemic person may be known by a pale, waxy and bloodless complexion and colorless lips.

This is usually accompanied or followed by indigestion, or debility, or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits, and fatigue after slight exertion, faintness, nausea, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitations and coughs.

When neglected more serious affections frequently follow, such as chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy and consumption.

Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion.

Anemia is it which takes the lustre from the eyes, the rosy hue from the cheeks, the cherry color from the lips.

But to restore these all that is necessary is to send 50 cents to Lyman Bros. & Co., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street East, Toronto, for a box of Jolly's "Duchess" Pills, containing 60 doses, easy to take, and sufficient to cure any ordinary case.

To be obtained from all druggists. Send for a box to-day. Why not be beautiful?

MANLEY'S CELERY Nerve Compound

WITH BEEF, IRON AND WINE

FOR
CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
ALL WEAKNESSES
BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

UNEQUALLED! UNSURPASSED
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL!

Based on
GLYCERINE
Instead of
Alcohol.

TRY IT

Ask for MANLEY'S—Take no other.

POOR QUALITY ORIGINAL

A Story for Mothers.

Which May Save the Lives of Their Daughters.

A Young Lady at Merrickville Saved When Near Death's Door—Her Illness Brought About by Abnormalities Peculiar to Her Sex—Only One Way in Which They Can Be Successfully Resisted.

From the Ottawa Citizen.

Perhaps there is no healthier people on the continent of America than the residents of the picturesque village of Merrickville, situated on the Rideau river, and the reason is not so much in its salubrious climate as in the wise precautions taken by its inhabitants in warding off disease by a timely use of proper medicine. The greatest favorite is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and many are the testimonials in regard to their virtues. Your correspondent on Monday last called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Easton and interviewed their daughter, Miss Hattie Easton, a handsome young lady of twenty years, who is known to have been very low and has been restored to health by the use of Pink Pills. "Yes," she said, "I suffered a great deal, but I am so thankful that I am once more restored to health. You have no idea what it is to be so near the portals and feel that everything in life's future is about to slip from your grasp and an early grave your doom. I was taken ill four years ago with troubles peculiar to my sex, and which has hurried many a young woman to her doom—an early grave. I have taken in all about twenty boxes of Pink Pills, and I am only too glad to let the world know what these wonderful little pellets have done for me, hoping that some other unfortunate young woman may be benefitted as I was. When sixteen years of age I began to grow pale and weak, and many thought I was going into decline. I became subject to fainting spells and at times would become unconscious. My strength gradually decreased and I became so emaciated that I was simply a living skeleton. My blood seemed to turn to water and my face was the color of a corpse. I had tried different kinds of medicine, but they did me no good. I was at last confined to my room for several months and hope of my recovery was given up. At last a friend strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using a few boxes I began to grow slightly stronger. I continued their use until I had used about twelve boxes, when I found myself restored to health. I now quit using the pills and for six months I never felt better in my life. Then I began to feel that I was not as regular as I should be and to feel the old tired feeling once more coming on. Once more I resorted to Pink Pills, and by the time I had used six boxes I found my health fully restored. I keep a box by me and occasionally when I feel any symptoms of a return of the old trouble, I take a few and I am all right again. I cannot find words of sufficient weight to express my appreciation of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sincerely hope that all, who are afflicted as I was will give them a trial and I am certain they will find renewed health.

The facts above related are important to parents as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath, on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old.

Saved.

Indianapolis Journal.

"There is only one thing that prevents me from ending my blighted existence," said the young man of "our set" when the heiress positively refused to entertain his proposal. "And what is that?"

"I really don't know what is the correct poison to take."

CONDENSED MILK

The "Reindeer" Brand Condensed Milk must be pronounced of excellent quality and in every respect satisfactory.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL,
Analy. Sanit. Inst., London, Eng.

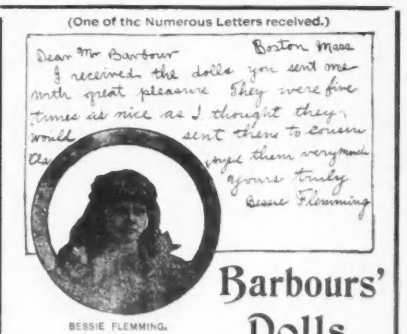
I am satisfied that the original milk from which the "Reindeer" Brand is prepared is of unusual richness. In point of flavor, color and consistency it leaves nothing to be desired.

DR. OTTO HEHNER,
Hon. Sec'y of Society of Pub. Analysts, London, Eng.

Lieut. Gordon reports "Reindeer" Brand Condensed Milk supplied Hudson Bay Expedition quite equal to the best brands he ever used.

HON. A. W. McLELAN,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Canada.

YOUR GROCER KEEPS IT



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POOR QUALITY ORIGINAL



EVERY year for the past eight or ten seasons there has been talk and generally some correspondence about the establishing of an annual cricket match between the colleges and universities of Canada and the United States, but never until the present one has the affair been brought to a head. At last the ball has been set in motion, and it seems probable that the match will hereafter be an annual event, second in interest to the international match of the two countries only. The Americans were this year represented by players from the three universities which compose their intercollegiate association, Haverford, Harvard, and University of Pennsylvania. As there is no such association at present in existence in Canada, the eleven was chosen from Trinity and Toronto Universities and Osgoode Hall, only students attending lectures and who had not yet been "called" being eligible from the latter place. It is to be hoped that before another year has passed an association will be formed amongst the Canadian universities similar to that in the States. The Canadian eleven, which was chosen by the Ontario Association, consisted of the following players: From Trinity, Messrs. Cooper, Goldsmith, Rogers, Douglas and Senkler; from Toronto University Messrs. Counsell, Boulbee and White; and from Osgoode Messrs. Martin (Capt.), Laing, and Wadsworth. In the two test matches played before leaving for Philadelphia this eleven showed that they were deficient in neither batting, bowling nor fielding, and on all sides opinions were expressed that the Americans had a hard row to hoe before them. At the last moment it was found that White, who was to keep wickets, would be unable to go. His place was offered to each of the spare men, and to Dean of McGill, but was not accepted by any of them, consequently it was given to D. F. Campbell who was to accompany the team as umpire.

Saturday, June 29, found our Canadian eleven assembled at the wharf of the Cibola at 4:45 p.m. with many supporters on hand to give us a send-off and wish us all success against "the Yanks." The team was accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Cooper, H. Morris, and J. G. McKay. A pleasant trip across the lake, a short run up the banks of the Niagara, brought the party to Buffalo, where, after an hour's wait, we boarded a special car on the Del. Lackawanna, and Western express and sped southwards towards the "city of brotherly love." At Manunka Chunk the car was shunted into the Pennsylvania express, and the Canucks awoke to find themselves running down into the valley of the Delaware amidst a pouring rain. "Slow wicket, worse luck!" said many. Arrived at the palatial Market street Station we were met by Mr. George Lippincott, secretary of the American Intercollegiate Association, who conducted us to the Colonnade, where our rooms had been secured beforehand. All morning the rain continued, but in the afternoon the sky cleared and exploring parties set off to "do" the sights. One party of six wended their way to Lincoln Park, thirteen miles down the river towards the Atlantic. The trip on the steamer was enjoyable; not so the Park. "Humph! A poor imitation of Hanlan's," said one loyalist. Others went to Fairmount Park to a band concert. During the afternoon Messrs. Clark and Richardson, two of the team which were to oppose us, called at the Colonnade and informed us that our names had been put up at the Germantown Club, where we might make ourselves at home at any time. The evening was spent in reading and chatting. Long before midnight the party turned into their bunks, well tired-out, but determined to be fresh and ready for the morning's struggle.

A block in the cars kept us a few minutes late in our arrival at the Manheim grounds, but the wet state of the wicket kept us still later in starting play. "Win the toss, Leck," said we to our captain. He didn't. First shadow of ill-success. At twelve o'clock our eleven filed into the field, and were soon followed by the first two batsmen, D. H. Adams (Haverford) and Sam Goodman (University of Pennsylvania). A few ladies and a score or so of collegians were the only spectators when Laing opened proceedings by sending down the first over from the pavilion end. His first ball was put away by Goodman for a single, and his third by Adams for 2. Wadsworth did the trundling from the other end. With the third ball of his third over he clean bowled Adams. One for 10. A. H. Brockie (University of Pennsylvania) came next. He and Goodman looked dangerous for a time, the latter especially batting in good form. At 15 Brockie was run out and was replaced by J. N. Henry (University of Pennsylvania), captain of the Americans, who

the club-house. After lunch Mr. George Patterson and others of international fame, put in an appearance, and several ladies took possession of the ladies' club-house, where iced tea and other cooling drinks were dispensed by them.

On resuming play Thayer and Guest continued to score. Laing had again gone on at the pavilion end. His bowling troubled the batsmen not a little, and he beat Thayer with a beauty. A. G. Morris (Haverford) came in last. He had only arrived on the grounds after lunch, and his bowling would have been greatly missed by his side had he not put in an appearance. Eight runs and a leg-bye were put on for this last wicket.

With only 90 to make for the first innings we thought we had rather an easy task before us, and the general opinion was that we would top their score by at least 60. But general opinion was at fault. Martin and Counsell strolled out to the wickets with lots of confidence, and for a few overs all went well. Goodman started the bowling. His run was short, but he delivered the ball very hard and it came in much faster than it looked, many balls having quite a large curl in the air. Morris was the other bowler. He also was very fast, kept a good length, and his balls got up rather high. Counsell, who was playing in splendid form, drove one of his high ones to cover point and was retired by a beautiful catch of Richardson's. One for 19. In went Laing, only to come out again after receiving three balls, one of his late cuts staying in the air long enough to be snapped up by Clark at third man. This rather damped our hopes. Still there were lots of good men to come, and Martin was batting very carefully. Wadsworth was next. He looked promising, but after making 4, he let fly at one on his leg from Goodman, and was bowled off his pads. Three for 36 was better than our opponents had done. Senkler's stay was brief, for in Goodman next over his leg stump was knocked flying. Rogers joined Martin. For a time runs came slowly, then Martin drove one of Goodman's for three and in Morris' next over put one to cover, who fumbled it. Rogers called the run, but his wicket was saved by the ball shooting from Brockie's hand and making a nasty cut over his eye, necessitating his retirement from the field. His place was filled by Thayer, who proved even quicker behind the stumps than Brockie. Rogers was bowled by Goodman at 45, and was replaced by Cooper, who cut one from Morris into points hands, and gave way to Goldsmith who was bowled by a huge curve from Goodman. Seven for 55; who will stop the slaughter? Douglas came to the rescue. He and Martin made a brave stand, causing Clark to be put on in place of Goodman, and Guest, a slow bowler, in place of Morris. Guest's two overs resulted in 11 runs; Goodman went on again. At 89, one short of the Americans' total, Clark clean bowled Douglas with the first ball of his fifth over, Boulbee with the third and Campbell with the fifth, leaving the Yanks 1 to the good on the first innings. Martin was not out for 38. He had played sterling cricket all through and deserves great credit for his performance.

As there still remained three-quarters of an hour before drawing for the day we again took the field. Clark and Guest were the first pair. Clark was soon beaten by Wadsworth, and Henry came in. He played with remarkable patience. At 14 Guest was bowled by Wadsworth, and with the addition of 5 more runs play was stopped for the day.

Monday evening was spent in various ways by the Canadians. Mr. Cliff Patterson took a party of five to dine with himself and a number of kindred spirits at his father's (Mr. C. S. Patterson's) beautiful residence at Chestnut Hill, and a very jolly evening they had of it. Others spent their time in laughing at Digby Bell in The Little Tycoon at Broad Street Theater. All, however, mindful of the coming day, returned to the Colonnade at an early hour.

At 12:20 on Tuesday we again took the field, Henry and Richardson, the not-outs the day before, receiving the attacks of Laing and Wadsworth. Richardson was soon caught by Goldsmith off Laing. Four wickets were down for 28. Henry was batting very carefully, and our hope was that no one would be found to stay with him. We were, therefore, rather disappointed when Goodman not only made quite a stand but added runs quickly. Douglas went on in place of Wadsworth with no effect, then Cooper in place of Laing. At last Boulbee took Cooper's place and succeeded in dislodging Goodman, and disposed of Thayer for a small score. Adams and Henry were at bat when luncheon was announced. Several prominent cricketers lunched with us in the club house, where the catering was done—and excellently done—by the club steward. After lunch Wadsworth was tried to good effect at the pavilion end and Laing at the club

house end. Adams was bowled by a beautiful curl and break-back, and Brown, who attempted to slog, by a change of pace. Then Laing completely fooled Morris with a low one, and the side was out, Brockie not having put in an appearance, as his eye, which had been cut on the previous day, was troubling him. Henry was "not out" for 42. His innings was most creditable; he played with a remarkably straight bat and never lost patience. As we only needed 105 to win we thought our chance of victory far from small. Alas! The story of our second innings is soon told. Martin and Counsell made a good start, the latter especially playing the ball hard and true. He was put out in an unusual way. A ball kicked and struck him, dropping against his wrists. "Drop it!" shouted Martin, as he saw the wicket-keeper springing forward. Counsell dropped the ball, but Thayer caught it, and the batsman was given out. This was a damper, but we received a greater when Laing, after playing several overs carefully and apparently being set, was dismissed by another "kicker" which struck his bat as he drew away, and was caught by short slip. Wadsworth made a most peculiar poke in the air and got a "duck." Then Martin was caught in the deep field. Rogers was bowled first ball, Douglas, after a careful though short stay, walked out to a full pitch, missed it and was stumped. Cooper knocked out 5 and then knocked a "liner" to Richardson at cover. Goldsmith made two 4's and a 2 and was bowled by Morris. Boulbee received his "pair of spectacles," then Senkler, after playing carefully for a long time was caught in the slips, Campbell getting "not out." Extras amounted to 9; the total was 55. The match was finished, and we were beaten. The record of international intercollegiate cricket contests will be headed by a defeat for the Canadians by 50 runs.

And why were we beaten? Many have asked the question. Apart from the hard luck which we certainly did have in our second innings, and the fact that the wicket and climate were strange, there must have been some reason for our downfall. In the opinion of the best judges the bowling on either side was too strong for the batting. But this difference is to be noticed; while their bowling was uniformly straight and a good length, with loose balls very rare, ours had more variety, but loose balls, especially on the leg side, were much more common. Then they had wicket-keepers who stood up to the wickets and were very quick, while we had no one to take the stumps. Rogers stood behind most of the time, but it is not his position. Wicket-keepers are sadly lacking in Canadian cricket. Douglas' wicket was lost in the second through a habit formed when playing in front of poor wicket-keeping. Our fielding was very good, but in some way seemed to lack the vim and dash of the Americans. With regard to batting we still think ours is the best batting eleven. But we are not used to playing such steady bowling as the Americans are, and have not developed patience as they have. The majority of their runs were made by quick pulls of short-pitched balls and by leg hits. Only two or three times did they hit over the bowler's head; and their cutting was not as strong as ours, nor their driving. The secret of the defeat must be that our eleven have not had enough experience of steady, good length bowling. "We must learn to play the game better," remarked our captain after it was all over. We must, certainly, and may we reverse the order next year!

Our innings was finished early on Tuesday, so a "scrub" match was arranged. Little interest was taken in it, however. Tuesday is Ladies' Day at Manheim, and the center of attraction seemed to be the ladies' club house, where refreshments were being served by a great many of Philadelphia's fairest and best dressed daughters. The remainder of the afternoon was spent by the Canadians in being presented to the ladies, playing croquet or tennis on the ladies' lawn, or in looking over the handsome and splendidly equipped club-house of the Germantown Club, where later on in the evening a most enjoyable dinner was tendered the visitors by the American collegians. Every-

thing about the dinner was most enjoyable. On the menu cards were the flags of the two nations in their proper colors crossed, and correct representations of the weapons of cricket. The bill of fare was not a long one, but eminently suited to hot weather. Among those present, outside of the two elevens, were: Messrs. G. S. Patterson, Walter Clark, R. D. Buckley, J. Clark, J. G. McKay (who so nobly filled the position of umpire for us), C. S. Patterson, Jr., F. Bohlen, H. Morris (our scorer), and others. After dinner we adjourned to the billiard-rooms, where the remainder of the evening was passed in songs and speeches.

Next day our eleven broke up, some to return to Canada others to wait for the Ontario matches. In the minds of all, however, was the fixed determination that next year we must retrieve ourselves by turning the tables on our Southern cousins. "More than that!" as our genial umpire says.

The Parkdale cricketers had a splendid tour last week, defeating London Asylum, Stratford, Clinton, Paris and Brantford and losing to Hamilton on the closing day, on the result of the first innings. There is scarcely anything more enjoyable than a cricket tour, where the clubs are hospitable and the distance not too great. Everywhere the tourists were used well, being specially well entertained in Clinton and Brantford. The Brantford club made a mistake in sending the visitors in on one of the finest batting wickets imaginable. London Asylum made the other mistake in going in on wicket with a damp surface, a mistake which Parkdale repeated at Hamilton and suffered for. Some first-class scoring was done by Parkdale.

F. W. Terry made two centuries last week, 128 against Parkdale on Monday and 130 against Forest on Thursday. On Friday C. S. Hyman made 128 also against Forest, so that three centuries were made in one week in the Forest city.

Among the interesting games of the near future may be mentioned a two-day match at Varsity between the best Toronto club eleven and an eleven captained by A. H. Collins of Parkdale and selected from the other city clubs. This is billed for next Friday and Saturday. Judge Dartnell is getting together on Ontario county eleven for a two-days' play in Toronto before the end of the month.

The Ontario-Philadelphia match can scarcely be regarded as a success this year—though the eleven gave a fair account of itself—because several of those selected to play were unable to do so. J. A. Horstead of Chatham, F. W. Terry, P. C. Goldingham, C. Leigh, and A. H. Collins were the defaulters. A. G. Chambers, one of the spare men, was also unable to go, being on a tour with Parkdale. The only ones in fact, not on the inter-collegiate eleven, who played in this game, were D. W. Saunders, H. J. Tucker and Fritz Martin. I was glad to see that Mr. Saunders came of handsomely, and it would seem that Tucker has justified the honor done him.

At the Island to-day there will be a gay time when the Toronto hotelkeepers play ball and have a tug-of-war with the saloon-men of Buffalo. The local nine will be as follows: Felcher, Powers, Small, Spence, Burgess, Robinson, McGarry, Sykes and McGarry. The tug-of-war team will be: John Stormont, J. Doyle, Thomas Gibson and Angus Kerr.

Chapman's team is putting up a better game of ball now, although it is still carefully holding its position at the tail end of the league.

We are all very much depressed over the ill-success of the Argonauts at Henley. The four made a good race of it, but we certainly hoped to see them get into the finals. For myself I was less prepared for Bush Thompson's defeat by Guinness than for the failure of the four. Now that these representatives have failed, there is no four or single sculler among us likely to do anything at Henley in the near future. Ned Hanlan is out on the bay these days, and we must induce the old hero to coach some of our schoolboys, making them world-beaters in 1902.



The Watcher.

For Saturday Night.

While, 'mid the shadows soft, she lay,
Wreath'd sweetly for her burial day,
So calm, that they who came to gaze
For the last time upon her face,
Felt, as they cross'd the curtain'd room,
Where lilacs shed their faint perfume
And dimly lit the sacred gloom,
More joy than pain to know at last
The blithe, long-drawn struggle past;
And the soft, pitying tears that fell,
Were glad as those the angels shed
On drooping rose and asphodel
The morn the Lord rose from the dead;
Tears that a pensive soul might weep
While gazing out o'er Heaven's steep,
Knowing its trials forever o'er.

One sat beside the lovely dead
And no moan made and no tear shed.
Twas she who, watching thus for years,
Had day by day shed all her tears;
Till now her very heart was dry.
Her tongue too numb'd with grief to sigh.
And as she gazed upon that face,
In its pale outlines she could trace,
Tho' altered by disease and time,
Clearly the budding baby grace
So well remembered from the day
She first beheld those features sweet
And felt within her bosom beat
The rapture of a mother's love.

A child came thro' the door and laid
Against her cheek its golden head,
And gazed down on the placid face,
Aw'd by the stillness of the place;
Then bent and kiss'd with trembling lips
The brow and folded finger tips,
And rose again and frighten'd fled;
It was the daughter of the dead.
But in the watcher's eyes there stirr'd
No tear, her lips gave forth no word:
For in her heart there sudden rose
The vision of a former day,
When she who now so lifeless lay
Had been a little girl at play.

At length came one so young and fair,
So gentle and so debonair,
She with the dead might nigh compare!
Sweet flowers she brought, and tears she shed,
And tender, truthful words she said
About the joy and peace they knew
Who once for all have cross'd the tide,
With Christ their Saviour by their side.
But still the mother's thoughts went back
O'er memory's green and sunny track;
She gazed still on her precious dead,
And thought how swift the years had fled,
And mark'd how Lily, where she lay
Wreath'd sweetly for the waiting day,
Look'd as she did her bridal day.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

La Belle Marie.

A SAILOR'S REMINISCENCE.
There broke a blue-skied morning,
A bright and breezy day,
With flake-white and we fled the gale
Through sheets of dashing spray.
It flash'd away to windward
And gleamed upon our lee;
It leaped about our bulwarks
And chased us over sea.
Yo-hoy! yo-hoy! past light and buoy,
It chased us over sea,
Till snug at last from storm and blast
We moored the Belle Marie.

The stars above are shining,
A sparkling vast array,
The ripples glow and dance below
With moonbeam feet at play.
Far, far across the harbor,
The silver moonpath see,
A splendor in the shadows
Between my love and me.
Yo-hoy! yo-hoy! past light and buoy,
Between my love and me;
No tangle star our joy can mar,
My sea-bird, Belle Marie!

To-morrow brings the bride—
Ah! I would the dawn were gray!
My heart's slate for that dear mate
So soon I'll bear away.
Then twinkle, stars, with envy
Of what the sun will see,
While obituary bells declare it—
My bride will sail with me.
Yo-hoy! yo-hoy! past light and buoy,
My bride will sail with me, [bound,
Love-throned and crowned and homeward
My queen, La Belle Marie!
Albert E. S. Smythe in Outing.



VI.—HOW TIDDELEWINKS

WHEN his mamma found him, spread dressed in a strange note was both brilliant and handsome. "Com home."

That was all, and was puzzled. He scrawled with its straggling flourishes, his five-year-old hands, with him at home. There was the opera he was to see. But Tiddledewinks, an order from the and wrote a note was called home of greeting having hauser; he looked someone else would toast of the Alma Mater dinner; he dropped the driving club, time table about while perplexed to winks, his five-year-old with him at home.

Meanwhile, a te Rainey, from his "Tiddledewinks" regarding the necessity of here. Nothing wrong in one hour Tom the fast express, on steam could carry him.

Tiddledewinks was Hummerley by his side the colonel was awed, needing contract in C. came home from Christmas and two it was but natural guard himself as the and the only protection when the colonel h weeping Tiddledewinks he would be the only that he would have a mother and deliver h when he came back, and unhappy Tiddledewinks, even though he bent down and mamma on the winks loved his father was aching at the away. He had always mother; she seemed a wore beautiful dresses be careful not to dirty to hug her. So he had a cold, formal little kiss

much like his papa did he was brought down, he went up to bed. No loneliness, used to ste maid's room and lavish but good-natured cook, for his affection so m puffs that he used to Of course it was different home. Tom used to te and laugh uproariously take him driving, and with him and pull in the used to make Tiddledewinks stay down at t they sang, for Tiddledewinks beautifully. It used to angels, only he knew r face and would let you you wanted to.

There was one particular mustache and gray hair, dinner and stay in the mamma sing, whom Tiddledewinks all the fervor of his ch very tall and very straight Tiddledewinks and t his mamma, and Tiddledewinks always u light this man had to eyes and smile. At first was an ogre because his but when he told his mamma a wicked little boy about a kind, nice gentleman. But Tiddledewinks was and it was with all his son. One day he heard the co business around the l after that Tiddledewinks anxiety and perplexity. I the ogre was going to c are or steal his mamma told him to take good was he to do? . . . he watched the tall n with as a cat might watc when his mamma noticed not him up to bed imme and there he used to t turning injustice and wo would say if he only kne up in his bed and

SOME COLLEGE SKETCHES

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

VI.—HOW TIDDELEWINKS UPHOLD THE HONOR OF THE HOUSE OF HUMMERLEY.

WHEN Tom Hummerley came up to his rooms after his last lecture, he found among the letters awaiting him, one that caused a smile to spread over his lips. It was addressed in a strange hand, but the enclosed note was both brief and explicit. In a very infantile hand was scrawled:

"Com home. TIDDELEWINKS."

That was all, not counting blots. But Tom was puzzled. He read and re-read the blotted scrawl with its painfully executed letters and its straggling flourishes; for what could Tiddledewinks want him home for?

He put the letter in his pocket, lit a pipe and sat down and thought of how he could get away, and what he would miss by leaving. There was the Tandem Driving Club's meet, the dinner of the "Alfa Gammass," and an opera he was to see with a certain somebody. But Tiddledewinks' request might have been an order from the Queen, for Tom sat down and wrote a note to the somebody saying he was called home on urgent business, and regretting having to postpone seeing Tannhauser; he looked up Brown and told him someone else would have to respond to the toast of the Alma Mater at the "Alfa Gammass" dinner; he dropped a note to the secretary of the driving club, then consulted a railway time table about the earliest train, all the while perplexed to know what young Tiddledewinks, his five-year-old brother, could want with him at home.

Meanwhile, a telegram came from Jim Rainey, from his own town. It said: "Tiddledewinks requests me to wire you urging the necessity of your immediate presence here. Nothing wrong but boy wants you."

In one hour Tom Hummerley was seated in the fast express, on his way home as fast as steam could carry him.

Tiddledewinks was the only son of Colonel Hummerley by his second wife, and now that the colonel was away on a two years' engineering contract in Central America, and as Tom came home from college for two weeks at Christmas and two months at mid-summer, it was but natural Tiddledewinks should regard himself as the guardian of the household and the only protector of his mother. For when the colonel had said good-bye to the weeping Tiddledewinks he had told him that he would be the only man around now, and that he would have to take good care of his mother and deliver her safely into his hands when he came back. All of which the weeping and unhappy Tiddledewinks took very seriously, even though his father laughed as he bent down and kissed Tiddledewinks' mamma on the cheek. For Tiddledewinks loved his father, and his little heart was aching at the thought of his going away. He had always been half afraid of his mother; she seemed a grand lady, who always wore beautiful dresses and always told him to be careful not to dirty her lace when he wanted to hug her. So he had learned to give her only a cold, formal little kiss on her beautiful cheek, much like his papa did, every morning when he was brought down and every night before he went up to bed. No wonder he, in his utter loneliness, used to steal down to the housemaid's room and lavish his love on the portly but good-natured cook, who gave him in return for his affection so many cakes and cream-puffs that he used to get the stomach ache. Of course it was different when Tom came home. Tom used to teach him how to smoke and laugh uproariously when he choked, and take him driving, and let him come fishing with him and pull in the little ones. He even used to make Tiddledewinks' mamma allow him to stay down at night and listen while they sang, for Tiddledewinks' mamma sang beautifully. It used to make him think of angels, only he knew real angels didn't wear lace and would let you kiss them as often as you wanted to.

There was one particular man, with a gray mustache and gray hair, who used to come to dinner and stay in the evenings to hear his mamma sing, whom Tiddledewinks hated with all the fervor of his childish heart. He was very tall and very straight and used to frown at Tiddledewinks and turn round and smile at his mamma, and poor, innocent, little Tiddledewinks always used to wonder what right this man had to look in his mamma's eyes and smile. At first he used to think he was an ogre because his teeth were so white, but when he told his mamma this, she called him a wicked little boy for talking like that about a kind, nice gentleman.

But Tiddledewinks was steadfast in his hate, and it was with all his soul he hated this man. One day he heard the cook say that man had been business around the house so often; and after that Tiddledewinks' life was one of anxiety and perplexity. He had a vague idea the ogre was going to carry off the silverware or steal his mamma, and had his father told him to take good care of her? What was he to do? . . . He said nothing, but he watched the tall man with the white teeth as a cat might watch a mouse. At last, when his mamma noticed it, and afterwards sent him up to bed immediately after dinner, and there he used to toss and think of this ogre and wonder what his papa would say if he only knew. Then he would creep up in his bed and listen to the music

while his mamma was singing in the drawing-room. He was passionately fond of hearing her sing, and he grew bolder; for after a time he used to go out and stand at the banister of the stairway and listen. Then he would steal downstairs, even, and creep through the hallway and push under the porter and stand there, a little figure in a white night-gown, listening with rapt attention. As soon as he knew the music was ending he would steal through the doorway and run shivering back to his bed.

One night as he climbed the stairs he stopped and listened, for he heard his mamma talking in a frightened way:

"Don't, don't, Reginald!" he heard her say. "For God's sake don't talk of love to me. You break my heart."

That was all he listened to. He crept up to bed. He knew he had been a sneak for listening to other people talking. He had not meant to, he swore to himself he had not meant to. But now he knew it all. His mamma didn't love him because she loved the ogre with the white teeth and the gray mustache. Then his mamma was wicked. And he had promised his father to take care of her. What would he say when he came home—what would he say? After his lonely, little childish heart had argued it out in bed that night, he said he would send for Tom. Good old Tom would come and tell him what to do.

The next morning Tiddledewinks contrived to avoid kissing his mamma. It was a mockery he could not go through now; for she was wicked and loved the ogre. He sent a letter off to Tom. The cook had addressed the envelope for him, and he had sat down and very painfully and laboriously penned the letter. Just two words: "Com home." Then he sneaked out to the stable and gave it to James to post. All that day he did not care even for cream-puffs, and the cook knew he was getting the measles or something or other.

When he sat down to dinner that night, he was studiously silent. The ogre was there as usual, but he scarcely dared to look in his face, lest the ogre would see how he hated him. He watched him eating his fish and tremblingly hoped he would choke to death on a fish bone. He was a little disappointed when the ogre finished his fish without choking. Then he wanted to fling the salad-bowl at his head. The child wondered if the heavy cut-glass bowl with the sharp points would kill him dead if it hit him on the right place.

At last dinner was over and Tiddledewinks got down from his chair and was walking out of the room, when his mother called him back. "You have not kissed me to-night, darling," Tiddledewinks was silent.

"Will you not kiss mamma, dear?" she asked as she came over to where he stood looking at the pattern in the carpet.

"You may easily find a too willing substitute," murmured the man at the table. Tiddledewinks' mother raised her finger in a frightened way at him.

"Very well, Tiddledewinks," she said with a sigh, "I shall not make you. Perhaps I am not worth it to you." And when the child had gone up to bed with a swelling heart, she sat thinking for a long time; until the man's voice aroused her and they went into the library for coffee.

Tiddledewinks' mother sang that evening as she had never sung before. The lonely child in his bed heard her, and he crept down the stairs and sat for a long time on the bottom step, listening. Then the music seemed to charm him through the doorway, and he stood there in the shadow, a motionless, little, bare-footed figure in white.

"She must be one of the angels, after all," thought Tiddledewinks; and the ogre, as he stood beside her, looked like the embodiment of all evil to him.

When the song was finished not one of the three persons in the room moved. But after a long pause Tiddledewinks saw the tall man with the gray mustache lean down and put his arms around his mother, and his mother leaned her head back in a long, long kiss. Tiddledewinks shuddered. By mere human intuition he knew it was wrong. He was only a child, but he thought of his father and his promise, and the curse of Cain stole through his infantile veins. He glided on his noiseless bare feet over to the grate where the shining brass poker leaned against the mantel. It was nearly as long as the child and it was heavy, but he lifted it with both hands and brought it down with all his force on the little shining bald spot right in the center of the man's head. The heavy man fell to the floor like a log. And Tiddledewinks' mother saw the bleeding man and the child in white standing before her, and she gave one short scream and fainted. Then the poker fell from Tiddledewinks' hands and he turned and ran, ran until he came to his own room and flung himself on the bed and writhed in the awful consciousness of having killed two people.

When Tom came home by the night train, they found Tiddledewinks still sobbing away as if his heart would break. But after Tom and his mother had had a long, long talk, she came up to his room crying, for she was a young woman yet, and drew him upon her breast and murmured little mother-nonsenses to him until he fell asleep. What Tom and his mother talked of when she went down to the library again no one shall ever know, but the next day a long, tear-stained letter was on its way to Central America. The ogre went away and never came back again, for

Tom had a disagreeable way of talking when he was roused. And now Tiddledewinks kisses and hugs his mamma as often as he likes, and though he leaves a dozen smudges nothing is ever said about it; and Colonel Hummerley is going to bring him a live alligator home, for he has heard all about how Tiddledewinks upheld the honor of the house of Hummerley.

A Silver Lining to Every Cloud.



Goah! dat fan is a corker. I never did have such a nice b'owin' up.



'Electricity certainly is immense. I wonder how it works?



Murder!! Murder!! Help!!



Well, that's th' bes' hair cut an' shave I've had fer ten years.

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Aggravating.



He—What's the matter, darling? What are you kicking about? She—Well, it's enough to make anyone kick. Three girls on bases, two hands out, the score tie, and I punched out by that hateful Smith girl.

How They Managed It.



"You and Miss Highfly appear to swim together pretty well. How do you manage it?" "Oh, we squeeze along somehow."

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A Tale of the Twelfth.

TOLD AT THE CLUB.

"Les Oranges! Les Oranges! a bas les Oranges!"

"Wake up, wake up," growled the bank official nervously, "or if you must howl in your sleep, please don't howl in French."

"French, sir," roared the warrior, leaping suddenly from his seat. "Are they coming upon us. I am prepared." He glared threateningly around him until the sight of the familiar faces recalled him to a sense of his surroundings and he resumed his seat.

It was a hot July afternoon and the sun beat down with merciless vigor on the lawn of the club, where as usual at that hour a company of choice spirits were lounging and smoking and occasionally engaging in a conversation decidedly slow until the sudden exclamation of the dozing warrior concentrated their attention on the portly figure of Major McManus, who now sat erect in his chair gazing solemnly around him with an air of gloom and dejection.

"Is this the twelfth?" he asked at last in hollow tones.

"It is," chorused the company with thrilling unanimity.

The Major groaned. "Enough!" he said. "Enough! My doom is sealed. The die is cast. The end draws nigh. The days of McManus are numbered. The son of my father is doomed—doomed!"

For a moment the companions of the dejected warrior gazed at him with an air of mingled consternation and curiosity till suddenly to the mind of each came a recollection of a dreadful rumor which furnished a clue to the excited language. At various times of recent years it had been reported that the Major was a member of a secret society. During the greater part of the year this rumor was dormant, but every twelfth of July to the sound of fife and the beating of drums the rumor revived again and McManus became a center of dark suspicions at the club. On these occasions he wore a look of profound mystery and when asked the simplest question would look suspiciously at his questioner and smiling darkly answer:

"There are some things which may be revealed, sir, and there are some things which may not be revealed, sir."

On the glorious Twelfth itself he was transformed and patronized his fellowmen.

"We come from the North, sir. We fought at the Boyne, sir. The blood of McManus adorns the sod of Erin. Ye may see it to the present day in the form of grass, sir."

On such occasions as this his fellow clubmen regarded him with awe. They seemed to see an orange halo round his brow. In fancy they beheld him presiding over dark and mysterious tribunals and administering the blood-curdling rites of esoteric rituals. The lawyer felt painfully inferior and the bank official had been known to chase an inoffensive goat three miles through the slums hoping to track the creature to its lair and find the lodge rooms of a secret union.

Why was it then that on this anniversary of the Boyne the Major was depressed? Why did he shudder in the seclusion of the club-rooms

and murmur, "I am doomed?"

"Doomed," echoed the lawyer.

"Sir, I am tracked," said the Major tragically, "I am dogged. Yes sir, dogged, by Jesuits, by Jesuits in disguise, sir."

The Major took another glass and groaned another groan.

"Enough," he said. "Enough, I have been singled out for destruction. The bolt may fall at any moment, but ere I die I will reveal to you and to posterity the cause of my annihilation. I will reveal why I am tracked. A year ago to-day I was in the God-forsaken, priest-ridden village of St. Pierre in le Province of Quebec. Why I was there 'tis not for me to say. There are some things which may be revealed, and there are some things which may not be revealed. Enough to say I was there, and with me was Daniel T. Darby of L. O. L. No. 16. There we were, sir! There we were; envired, hemmed in and surrounded by medieval darkness. But did we falter? No. When the Twelfth of July dawned on that God-forsaken village it found us at the bar of our host, drinking to the health of William of Glorious Memory. The morning passed without catastrophe, but sitting in the parlor, where we had foregathered to do liquid justice to the occasion, I determined that the greatest event in the history of mankind should then and there be fittingly commemorated. The waves of superstition beat about us. Priestcraft reared its unblinking front on every side. The minions of midnight outnumbered us by thousands. In two hours our train would arrive, but between then and now lay a historic interval in which to do or die. We had no drums, no banners, and so profoundly sunk were the populace in the mire of superstition that not even a fife could be found. But we were there, sir, and the occasion was also there. I rose, and walking to the door of the tavern, looked recklessly around. The day was dull and misty. The village was sunk in silence and superstition, and everything looked gloomy, God-forsaken and forlorn. There was an ominous silence in the lurid air, such as preceded the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was a solemn moment. Should we cower in the tavern or display ourselves? The spirits of our fathers bade us display ourselves. We determined to organize a procession and parade the town. We drank again the health of William of Glorious Memory, and drumless, fifeless and bannerless as we were, Daniel T. Darby and myself set forth together on that perilous journey from which we might never return. We walked from the tavern to the end of the village, then turning fearlessly we walked from the end of the village back to the tavern. The clouds of superstition rolled around us. The waves of Romanism beat upon our brows. The mists of medievalism dimmed our eyes. The blight of bigotry hung above our heads; the pestilence of priestcraft dogged our daring steps and through the obscuring mists of doganism we could see the people glaring at us anxiously. On re-entering the tavern we saw a black-robed figure at the bar. But did we falter? No. Raising my goblet to my lips I said in thrilling tones:

"I drink to the health of William of Glorious Memory."

"The priest draw back and trembled. A look of fendish malignity flashed from his medieval eye."

"Les Oranges," he hissed, and crossing himself ten times he turned and fled.

"Darby," I said, "the enemy are upon us. Prepare to die." A sudden shriek rang through the lurid air. It was the train. Yet there was hope. We marched to the station, blated by the prospect of surviving (to serve the cause hereafter). I raised my voice to the high heavens and whistled Boyne Water.

"The village rose and gnashed its teeth. Led by a black-robed figure it rushed to the station, and as we entered the car a thousand hungry voices shrieked:

"Les Oranges, les Oranges, a bas les Oranges."

"Which translated means, 'The bloody Orangemen. Murder them, skin them, roast them, paralyze the bloody heretics.' The train steamed away. On the station stood a black-robed figure with a diabolic look of fury in his eyes."

"From that moment my fate was sealed. Jesuits dog me. Thrice have I dreamed that I would die to-day. For many days a strange suspicious looking figure has tracked me through the streets. I have avoided him till now, but soon—Great Orange—there he is."

A shabby, suspicious-looking person had stolen upon the lawn and was swiftly approaching the major, who murmured hoarsely:

"I await me doom."

A thrill of horror ran through the crowd. The assassin advanced. Suddenly he drew something from his pocket and thrust towards the major. Was it a dagger? No, it was a piece of paper.

"Your laundry bill, major," he said. C.

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Short Stories Retold.

At a recent large country wedding all the carriages, far and near, were engaged to convey the guests from the station and the various country houses to the bridal reception. "I am sorry, ma'am," said the village undertaker, to whom one of the perplexed hostesses had applied in despair for a couple of coaches, "but we had to put off two funerals to-day on account of this wedding."

Robert McLean of Greensboro, N. C., was once practicing before Judge Tourage, when he lost his temper at some ruling, and used some petulant expression. Instantly the judge said, "Mr. McLean, the court does not understand you. Do you mean to express contempt for the court?" Recovering his temper, McLean, balancing himself, said with the greatest good humor, "I hope your honor will not press that question."

Mme. de Cornuel went to Versailles to see the French court, when M. de Torcy and M. de Seignelay, both very young, had just been appointed ministers. She saw them, as well as Mme. de Maintenon, who had then grown old. When she returned to Paris, some one asked her what remarkable things she had seen. "I have seen," she said, "what I never expected to see there: I have seen love in its tomb and the ministry in its cradle."

A Toronto pupil in one of our Public schools indited the following composition at the recent examination, the thrilling subject being The Cow: "The cow has four stomachs," wrote the youthful Canadian. "The reason of this is that when the cow got its own food, it got it amongst a lot of other wild animals, and if it had not got them, it might be attacked by some other wild animals, and so it stores as much as it can in its largest stomach and then goes to its hiding-places & eats it there."

It was the custom in Scotch parishes for the minister to bow to the laird's pew before beginning his discourse. On one occasion, the pew contained a bevy of ladies, and the minister, feeling a delicacy in the circumstances, omitted the usual salaam. When they next met, the laird's daughter—a Miss Miller, widely famed for her beauty, and afterward Countess of Mar—rallied the minister for not bowing to her from the pulpit. "Your ladyship forgets," replied the minister, "that the worship of angels is not allowed by the Scotch church."

When William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Meade was commandant of the Navy Yard in Washington. They got into trouble somehow, and the commandant was summoned before the Secretary one day on a matter of importance. The Secretary told the commandant that if he kept on, or words to that effect, he should be obliged to punish him by sending him to sea. "Mr. Secretary," said Meade, "I haven't anything to say except that when it is punishment for an officer of the navy to be ordered to sea, what is your service coming to? I should like to go to sea, sir. Good-day."

We have long known that Hamilton possesses a cosmopolitan population. One of its inhabitants occupies a place of business on its chief thoroughfare and the following crudely-lettered signs hangs suspended from a cobwebbed window: "For 10 cents U may see the wonders of Gods creation and the works of 5,000 years ago. Cash paid for Indian relics & curiosities & petrifications. Petrified fish insects & flowers. All sorts of repairing done from a needle to an anchor. 50 yrs practice in making & repairing umbrellas knives & razors." Only a Hamiltonian could possess such a diversity of gifts.

A clever writer, who was paying a short visit at a farm-house, was handed by the daughter of the house a superannuated account-book, ruled for pounds, shillings and pence, which had been converted into an album, and in which she requested him to "write something funny." He complied with her request by penning the following verse, which, after some bewilderment, she managed to read:

This world's a scene as dark as Styx,
Where hope is scarce worth
Our joys are borne so fleeting hence,
That they are dear at
And yet to stay here most are willing,
Although they may not have

Between You and Me.

ONE of the summer blessings is the afternoon bicycle ride into the country with tea at some little inn, and an easy going trundle back at one's leisure. On Saturday the organist, the man, the wife and I went out to Lambton Mills, and ate a tea which made me blush to—enumerate—(good word!) We had poached eggs, and roast beef, and salad, and pie, and pudding, and plum jam, and cookies, and lager and tea. And just beyond the Mills is a delightful little run on a side path, which recalled the precious footpaths of old Ireland, only there were no hedges with nettles hidden therein, to slyly prick the hand on the right handlebar. There is a little bridge over a tiny mossy creek where the wee minnows flash their silver stomachs in the shallows as they dart from stone to stone, and where indignant bull-frogs fill the air with grumbling and hoarse oaths in frog talk. It is all very refreshing and pretty, and does one good, for God made the country!

Here is a true story, which I hope you haven't heard. A good wife, whose husband was often unable to say No when he should, saw her lord and master depart for a club dinner, with sundry gentle cautions and inward misgivings. Later on she took the patrol policeman into her confidence, asking him to look out for the clubman about one o'clock and if necessary give him a helping arm and just put him safe inside the door. About the mystic hour, along came the policeman piloting him whom the wine-cup had been too much for. The good wife received the unsteady gentleman and carefully assisted him in. On striking a light she was horrified to find herself the unwitting Good Samaritan to an utter stranger. She rushed for the policeman, but he had disappeared. The stranger was sweetly sleeping on the sofa, and while she stood distracted, the latch-key was firmly inserted, the door gently opened, and hubby, in a glow of righteousness and sobriety, made his *entree*. How the good wife straightened matters, or who was the scapegoat, my informant did not say, but there was certainly a protest due somewhere.

A woman said a queer thing to me the other day. "Don't you," said she with her soft eyes full of sympathy and concern, "find it dreadful to have to work with men?" Now, if she had said just the opposite, that is, put women instead of men, I should have emphatically acknowledged that my idea of misery was doing business with a parcel of women! But there is nothing dreadful in working with men, if one has good sense. Men are much kinder than women, whether from an innate conviction of their physical and mental superiority to us, or from the chivalry which is in every man I ever met, or from the desire to have us like and think well of them. I do not care to determine. Women who stumble for the first time into a situation which throws them altogether in office *camaraderie* with men are the lucky ones. If they are considerate, discreet and able, men find it out and acknowledge it quicker and more heartily than women. They never tell you so, that's not their way, nor do they feed you compliments and nice things, that's women's way, but they make room for you on the narrow ladder when climbing time comes, and with a careless nod see you mount, whereas nine women in ten would spread their skirts to trip you, or remark on the size of your ankles, or stick a pin in you as you went past them to a higher round. There is one woman whom I trust as I would a man, because I believe she and I understand and admire each other. We are opposite in all our strongest points and on the weak ones we mingle in perfect harmony, but with that exception, I consider myself very greatly blessed in having only men to deal with in business matters. They aren't in the least dreadful.

"I go my way, and he goes his," said a clever wife to a very wise woman. "We never interfere with each other." The very wise woman looked up brightly. "That," said she, "is the ideal life." And as I heard her I quite agreed with her, but since then I have read the Bonnie Briar Bush, and I know that is not the ideal life. It is better than discord of course, as half a loaf is better than no bread, but the ideal life is the life of Tammas and Annie, bound so close together, that, like the diamond cement, if it breaks it will break anywhere than at the joining. A thousand sermons against divorce could not do what the story of Tammas and Annie will do! The man the strength and the woman the sweetness, such is the ideal life. And may the Advanced Woman have mercy, even while she despises me!

"What's the matter? why her daughter's in trouble and its breaking her mothers heart," said the woman, in a matter of fact tone, as I passed by. And it haunts me, that bald statement, and my mind hovers over it with sighs and bewailings. The dear mother! Do you think what a tragedy it is! The girl who was her helper, her *confidante*, her support; the girl who knew so much, and had the turn for all smart and dainty fancies; the girl has slipped away down where girls find their level who are in trouble. One does not see her stepping brightly to her work with her chin in the air; she never goes out, she sits on these hot evenings behind the bilard, or on the small back stoop in a cobwebs of clotheslines. God help the girl who is in trouble. God forgive her! Somehow, it haunts me that she doesn't realize what trouble is yet, that all her life long, while day follows day, the bitterness and the blame will cling to her. *Wirrathree!* let us pray for her!

LADY GAY.

The Newest Waists.

WHITE mohair is in such favor with Parisiennes that some recently imported wool dresses have a belted waist of this mohair to wear under the short open jackets of serge or Scotch tweed. Such a mohair waist is especially liked for yachting, sea-side and mountain dresses, as it is not injured by either dampness or dust. It is made with the popular box-pleats, a wide pleat of triple folds down front and back alike, and has large bishop

sleeves pleated at armhole and wrist. The cuffs and a square sailor collar are bordered with an inch-wide band of the mohair neatly stitched on. A cool green or pale rose silk lining is in some waists, but most have satene linings. A white kid belt with square buckle covered with kid completes it.

White batiste waists over fitted lining of colored silk are among the importations of fine French *lingerie*. Blue taffeta is the lining used by Raudnitz, and the sheer white lawn is put on with great fulness. A broad box-pleat down each side of the front is decorated down the middle with very narrow beading of ladderlike embroidery showing the silk beneath, and there are three such pleats in the back. A turned-over collar is a double fold of the batiste bordered with beading, and from this falls a jabot of the new batiste lace reaching to the waist. Hugh bishop sleeves over a fitted silk lining have a box-pleat with beading down the outer arm, and cuff matching the collar. A ribbed silk belt ribbon of the blue shade is fastened with a square mother-of-pearl buckle.

Surplice fronts, becoming to slender figures and to the stout alike, are on many new waists. The fulness is gathered on the shoulders instead of below the throat, and is lapped across the bust to fasten on the left side under the belt. This is extremely pretty in an *ecru* linen batiste waist with open embroidery all over it, showing a fitted lining of shot taffeta in sweet-pea colors, with a folded collar of the taffeta ending in a broad bow in the back. The sleeves of plain *ecru* batiste are very full and shirred down the seam, then banded at the wrist with silk to correspond with the collar. Other surplice waists are made of black net or of *mousseline de soie*, and are ornamented with bands of yellow Valenciennes lace, and also of bows of lace. A full ruffle of the yellow lace is erect around a high collar-band of folds of the material. The sleeves are great puffs reaching to the elbow, and banded there with lace tied in a bow.

French chroniclers of fashion say many of the new gowns worn suggest a coming change in sleeves, but they speak sceptically of the early downfall of the large sleeves now in favor. They are certainly many clinging sleeves worn, outlining the arm from shoulder to wrist, but they are given an effect of breadth at the top by being covered with two full lace ruffles of the Marie Antoinette *fichu*, which is a part of the gown. A few lovers of novelty, however, wear the close sleeve added to the long 1830 shoulder seam which shows off the beautiful curve at the top of the arm. To this are added very full ruffles above the elbow, or else extravagant bows or puffs. Other Louis XVI. fashions are the wide-brimmed hats with up-standing frills around the crown, or at least in front of it, and an enormous bow at the back. Large sleeves are made more conspicuous than ever by being puffed lengthwise from armhole to elbow, and trimmed with very large loops, rosettes, or bows set inside the arm just above the long glove.

White and mauve were evidently favorite colors, and some of the prettiest gowns combined these cool tints. One of white *pique*, wrought all over with *petit pois* dots of mauve silk, had a round belted waist cut down at the top to show a guimpe of mauve batiste gathered very full to a high collar of white taffeta ribbon. The Marie Antoinette sleeves close to the arm, entirely without fulness, ended in two very full ruffles of mauve batiste gathered around the elbow. The *pique* skirt was attached to a belt of white satin, and had full *godets* on the sides and back. The large straw hat was trimmed with bunches of white roses held by green and mauve changeable ribbon. A second mauve dress was of taffeta, finely striped with white, and completed by a Marie Antoinette *fichu* of white batiste.

LA MODE.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

TRY ME! I've done you, ages ago. Just about the time your second letter was written, I fancy.

MARSHALL—This is a very life and energetic nature, apt to lead and dominate, fond of left-handing others. Ambitious, logical on occasion and at once firm and responsive to the action of beauty, a man who should succeed.

FRIS—You are one of my paper babies whom I must ask to wait for a delineation until their writing indicates

Had Proven It.



"She declared that she was going to wed a rich man and would stop at nothing to accomplish her purpose."
"She kept her word. She is going to marry a wealthy duke."

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The Wabash Railroad

is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest line from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mexico, California and all west and south-west points. Its train equipment is superiorly the finest in America. It is the great trunk line that passes through six States of the Union and makes direct connection with one hundred and nineteen other railroads. See that your ticket reads via Wabash. Time tables and all particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N. E. cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

In the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Inquiry by the bronze statue: "Is my dust on straight?"

INLAND NAVIGATION.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

SUMMER CRUISES IN COOL WATERS.
River and Gulf of St. Lawrence.—The iron, twin-screw steamship CAMPAÑA with all modern accommodations, is intended to leave Montreal at 4 p.m. on Monday, 8th, 22nd, July, 5th, 19th August, 2nd, 16th, 30th, September, 13th, 27th October, for Quebec, N. B., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspé, Pesse, Sam. merale, P. E. I., and Charlottetown, P. E. I. Through connections to Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Boston and New York.

New York, Boston and Atlantic Coast.—The well known steamship ORINOCO, 2,000 tons, lighted by electricity and with all modern accommodations, will sail between New York and Quebec, visiting Boston, St. John, N. B., Yarmouth, Halifax, Charlottetown, Dalhousie, Bay of Chaleur and the Saguenay River, taking passengers only. Sailing from New York 13th July and 7th August, from Quebec 27th July and 22nd August. Finest trips for health and pleasure. For tickets and all information apply to BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto. ARTHUR ABERN, Secretary, Quebec.

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COMPOUND
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This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

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"Far hills are, aye, the greenest," is a proverb we often hear used in everyday affairs and a fresh application of it has just come to mind in reading over some articles in an art magazine. It has been borne in upon us of late that there is really very little known of the many valuable works of art—painting, sculpture, tapestry, carving, decorative art generally—that are owned in our own country, in our own city. We propose to see how green the hills are near home before giving all our thought and admiration to the distant ones. We have some ideas, gained from the World's Fair, of the place many of our artists take in such an exhibition; it might be well to know of some of the art treasures owned in our land, and first of all in our city.

Mr. S. H. Jones, whose taste has drawn most to Italian art, has brought from abroad much that affords endless delight to an art lover, and his home is an expression of his admiration, for the object of art, as most of us conceive it, is to decorate the home. Among the most interesting pictures in this gentleman's collection are a Madonna and Child by Leonardo de Vinci, the tender face of the mother, the chubby grace of the child, the delightful landscape and the dark, rich coloring of the whole go to make a very fine example of the great painter. A scene in Holland by Hobbema is most interesting historically, as are also one by Parmigianino (a pupil of Correggio), a Madonna by Luino, and Isaac Blessing Jacob by Domenichino. The flesh here has very fine qualities and stands out from the dark draperies with wonderful expression—the eager face and outstretched hands of the blind father, the bent head of the son, and the crafty face of the mother in the background. David Crowning Bathsheba by Albani is chiefly interesting for the beauty of the landscape and the grace of the three figures to the right (who are said to be the painter's daughters), than for the work in the two principal figures. Noverman's Return from the Chase (1669), is a fine example of that artist, full of action. St. Cecilia by Leonardo is interesting; but it is before a pen drawing by Raphael for a ceiling fresco in the Vatican, Joshua Stopping the Sun, that one pauses for a long time, so complete and satisfying is the drawing, the conception, the whole! The Assumption of the Virgin, by Tiepolo, is another very fine example of the old masters, the ascending form of the Virgin and the cherub faces are full of tender meaning. Of the works of modern painters in this collection are: Grape Vine, by Ricknell; Marriage of Henry of Navarre and Margaret of Valois, by G. Aureli, an historical painting of great interest, many of the faces portraits, a fact one can easily believe on seeing the haughty wickedness of Catherine de Medici's face. By this same artist is also a Venetian Scene, a party landing from their gondolas, with beautiful contrast of color in the yellow sky and dark purple foreground with figures. Hungarian Passants, by Bohn of Munich, is an excellent example of the artist's style and finish; A Trio, by Leitz of Munich, reminds one strongly of Messiaen's manner, the same exquisite grouping of color, attention to detail and finish, in the three figures seated about the table in the homely room. There are many other pictures, many of them water colors by modern Italian artists, which we have not space to mention; a glowing transparency of the richest color by Ludwig. A life size female figure in marble by Albano, one of four from the artist's clay model before it was destroyed, must be described. Retrospection, I think it is called; the rose in the right hand has brought up the sad, thoughtful expression to the slightly averted face. The figure is very beautiful with its rounded limbs, graceful attitude and drapery falling from the left arm, which is partly raised. Among the marble reliefs are some remarkably fine specimens of ancient sculpture—a capital of a Greek column, the tablet from the tomb in the catacombs, a sarcophagus with series of figures in high relief, a portion of a sculpture from a Greek temple telling the story of The Sacrifice of Mithra, belonging, as far as can be ascertained, to the Augustan age. Before closing, several other articles of household decoration are so beautiful and so unique as to be worth a short description. A vase of Rosso Antiquo, that rich red marble, whose quarries have never been re-discovered, the only pieces in existence having been taken from Greek or Roman temples; it is a copy of the famous vase of the Tritons in the Vatican. Here also is a carved ivory plaque, figures in high relief, on which the story of Cupid and Psyche is most charmingly told, the beautiful myth, whose inner meaning is the story of the soul's immortality; the bridal press and chest of carved walnut, and also the lace casket, all gorgeous in gilt and painted panels, without which no Italian bride of rank left her father's house. More artistic, though of less interest to the antiquarian, is an example of modern carving, in a bed up-stairs, by Frullini. On the headboard a circle of cupids, the nearer ones in almost complete, the farther in low, relief; designs of poppy leaves, and other plants overhead and on the sides, and two life sized figures of children, carved with wonderful fidelity to nature, in place of posts at the lower end, a work of art for a museum. A collection of urns, Greek, Roman, Pompeian, Etruscan, some quite perfect, some with parts wanting, many seemingly flawless that were found in a hundred pieces. A stone mantel-piece in the hall, taken from a palace in Pistoja, with andirons, by John of Bologna, of which there are only three duplicates in the world. Tapestries from another palace; three hall seats, heavily carved, from the Lucca palace; a marble font, with figures in relief on the shallow basin, from an ancient chapel; the carved marble at the sides and over the top of the main doorway from a Venetian doorway of the sixteenth century; iron lamps at the



D'Auber—Ah, an invitation from dear old Uncle Ben to come up and stay two weeks. but how can I leave this room?



If I attempt to move my trunk, the landlord will seize it for two month's rent. What must I do?



An idea!!!



Landlord—Take that trunk away from here at once! Do you think we want to be blown to pieces? You shan't keep it here another minute!!!



D'Auber—These are "pretty hard lines," but I'll remove my invention as you request. I never heard of such injustice!



Uncle Ben—I'm certainly glad to see yer!

(Copyrighted)

entrance, exact copies (reduced) of those on the Sirozzi palace in Florence. On the lawn is the carved stone well-top from a courtyard in Venice, with the marks where the iron cover had been that was always kept locked when not in use, and the runs worn by the ropes. In speaking of the gates, iron lace-work of the most beautiful design, Mr. Jones told of his search for the artist, Benedetto Galaffi, expecting, as he did, to find a large manufacture where the first artist in his line that the world has, should be at work. Instead, some of the people on the street knew not the name and could give no help in finding the artist in iron, reminding us of W. D. Howell's account of a somewhat similar search he had for Lowell, when he was astonished and shocked to find some of the great man's neighbors were ignorant of his existence even. To return, having found his man, approved of a design drawn by the son and given the commission, Mr. Jones expressed his surprise that so renowned a workman should have so humble a studio, so few workmen. "What would you have?" was the reply. "Where would be my art if I worked for money?" Greater than he (apparently) have had less high standards. In describing the above, we have touched little on what of modern art there is here, not at all on whatever may be seen about us, and have done but scant justice to a collection of rare beauty, brought together with a cultivated taste, that makes it the equal of any, in quality if not extent, on this continent.

Alto relievo of great beauty, representing the labors of Hercules, have just been discovered at Delphi.

Rosa Bonheur's Going to Market in Brittany, twenty-five by thirty-one inches, sold in London for \$7,500; in 1855 it brought \$3,000; in 1870, \$8,925, and in 1888, \$5,700. A Corot, Le Printemps, brought \$3,935, and Orchardson's, The Story of a Life, \$3,727.

The Ontario Society of Artists have secured for the coming Industrial Exhibition the celebrated painting Breaking the Home Ties. It is loaned to the Society by the generosity of its owner, Mr. C. C. Harrison, provost of Pennsylvania University. The painter is Mr. Thomas Hovenden, N.A., one of the most prominent American artists, and a member of all the principal art societies. This picture was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1891, and at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, where it was only with greatest difficulty it could be seen on account of its numerous admirers, the sentiment of the picture appealing to every parent's heart.

The Ontario Society of Artists are making great alterations to their Art Gallery, 173 King street west. Another story will be added to the building, with skylights, and everything

complete for the use of art classes and small exhibitions. The large Gallery will have a new roof, with skylights running all around the ceiling, so as to evenly light the pictures on the walls, and all the interior will be colored and decorated after the style of the best modern galleries. The entrance on King street will be removed to the east end of the building, and will have inside stairways and a large room at the back for unpacking pictures, etc., altogether forming the finest art gallery in this Province.

Mr. Henry Martin will spend several weeks of the holidays in making sketches of the harbor at Boston, and studying marine subjects at the fishing town of Gloucester.

Mr. George Brunehc writes from Gothenburg, Sweden, to a friend, of some of his late doings. He has been traveling through Norway and Sweden sketching and giving exhibitions, in both of which he seems to have been quite successful. "Since leaving Christians, he writes, 'I have been in Nodavalla, Sweden, where I sold several water colors, and yesterday I closed my exhibition here (Gothenburg), which was even more successful than the two previous ones. I have done so well that I shall take another trip through Norway this year to get some new subjects to bring home with me in the autumn. . . . I start in a few days for Denmark, Germany, Holland, France, England and Norway.'"

LYNN C. DOYLE.

With the Humorists

Magistrate (severely)—You are charged with kissing this young lady against her will, and on the public highway. Prisoner—She was in a bicycle costume, and I mistook her for my long-lost brother. Magistrate (briskly)—Discharged! Call the next case.

"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah, taking another look at the barometer. "All but the leopards," replied Ham, "and I think we have a pair of them spotted." Noah shook his head gloomily and muttered something about "that boy coming to a bad end."

Hackett (gloomily)—I tell you, Charlie, this is a hard, hard world. Sackett (interestedly)—So you have bought a bicycle, have you?

"A most wonderful bit of work. Those things were painted by a blind painter." "What were?" "Those blinds."

He (on a small salary)—I love to listen to the singing of the birds, to the orchestra of nature. She—Yes, it is so inexpensive.

A—I fail to see how you can laugh at such a silly remark. B—My dear fellow, I can't help it. I owe the man ten dollars.

Boarder—What's that noise out there? Somebody beating carpet? Landlady's husband—No; it's Jones trying to beat his board bill, and my wife is on to him.

The Bride—Yes, papa has given us an awfully unwieldy wedding present—a thousand five-dollar gold pieces. The Bridegroom—What are you going to do with them? The Bride—Oh, George says he thinks he can pawn them.

JOHN LABATT'S
LONDON
ALE AND STOUT
THE FINEST OF BEVERAGES
Received HIGHEST AWARD made on this continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO 1893, and GOLD MEDAL at the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894. Surpassing all Canadian and United States competitors in every respect, and EIGHT other GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS.



What Emperor Was This?

He was one of the greatest monarchs that ever ruled in Europe. He was always at war, yet—but wait; let us take one thing at a time. He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, always partaking of twenty dishes. He supped twice; first early in the evening and again about one o'clock—the latter the most solid meal of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweets, washing them down with vast draughts of beer and wine. Then he would gorge himself on sardine omelettes, fried sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, etc., etc.

Finally he abdicated, did this omnivorous Emperor, and a friendly courtier thus described the power that compelled him to do it. "Tis a most truculent executioner," said the orator; "it invades the whole body from head to foot. It contracts the nerves with anguish, it freezes the marrow, it converts the fluids of the joints into chalk, and pauses not until it has exhausted the body and conquered the mind by immense torture."

This is not fiction, it is history; without a syllable of exaggeration. How many of our readers will write and tell us what man this was! A thousand, no doubt.

Alack-a-day! however. Not kings and emperors alone are thus afflicted. Great hosts of us travel the same road. We are not usually gluttons as this royal gentleman was, but people who eat sparingly often have the same malady. Commonly they inherit a tendency to it. On the level of this dreadful disease the rich and the poor, the great and the small, meet together.

Speaking of an experience of her own, a woman says: "My hands became stiff and numb. There seemed to be no feeling in them. I was so crippled that I could not even cut a round of bread. A little later it attacked my legs and feet, the soles of the latter being very tender and sore. The pain was so severe that I often sat down and cried on account of my sufferings and my helplessness. I used rubbing oils and embrocations, but got no relief. In this way I went on month after month, never expecting to be well again. I felt the first signs of illness in February, 1889. At first I had merely a bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, and was low, tired and languid. Following this came the agonies of rheumatism, as I have said. I owe my recovery to a suggestion of my husband's. He advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and got me a bottle from Mr. W. Simpson's, in North street. After taking it for a fortnight my hands got their right feeling and I suffered no more from rheumatism nor from indigestion and dyspepsia, which I now understand to be the cause of rheumatism. From that time to this I have been in the best of health. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Ann Cook, Southwell Lane, North street, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, February 1, 1893."

"In the year 1879," writes another, "rheumatism attacked me, one joint after another. The pains were all over me, although the worst was in one knee. For two years I suffered with it—the doctor's medicine doing no good. In 1881 I read in a little book that rheumatism was caused by indigestion and dyspepsia, and that the true cure for it was Mother Seigel's Syrup. This proved to be true, as after taking three bottles I knew no more of stomach disorder nor rheumatism. I have since recommended this wonderful remedy to hundreds of persons. (Signed) (Mrs.) E. Schofield, 10 West Hill, Southampton street, Reading, October 26, 1892."

The great Emperor was driven to abdicating by rheumatism and gout, caused by his ruined digestive powers. His outraged stomach filled him with poison from top to toe. Yet he never lost his appetite, which was all the worse for him. Not long afterwards he died, having asthma and gravel, with the other consequences of dyspepsia. But one needs not to be a gourmand to have dyspepsia, with its trailing troubles. Any one of fifty causes may provoke it. Watch out for the earliest symptoms and arrest them at once by using the Syrup. It stops the mischief on the spot where it begins, and then purifies the blood.

By the aid of common sense and Mother Seigel the Emperor might have stayed on his throne, might he not?

Yes, but unluckily she wasn't born in time to help him.

The Best Parrot Yarn Yet.

New Bedford Standard.
A man whose niece had coaxed him to buy her a parrot succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home, and after putting it in a cage, stood before it and said: "Say uncle, Polly!" The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen times or more with no better

A GREAT MEDICINE.

Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites its strengthening and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

success, the uncle put his hand into the cage and, grabbing the bird by the neck, shook him until his head wobbled around, all the time yelling to him: "Say uncle, goll darn you, say uncle!" The bird looked limp and lifeless, and, disgusted with his purchase, the old fellow took the parrot out into the yard where he had a coop of thirty chickens. Thrusting the half-dead bird in with the chickens he exclaimed: "There, by gosh! You'll say uncle before you get out!" Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting on. Looking into the coop he counted twenty-nine dead chickens, and in the center of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth chicken by the neck and shaking it till its head wobbled, and screaming: "Say uncle, goll darn yer, say uncle!"

Bird Catching.

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Mother—What makes you think so?
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Detroit Tribune.
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"Yes."
"Aha! I owe the fellow a grudge, then. I have long owed him ten dollars. I will pay both debts simultaneously. He will fall dead." Lighting his cigarette at the gas jet in the hall, he left with a loud, mocking laugh. But the beautiful girl was not concerned. She knew he had not ten dollars to his name.

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Music.

AS I intimated in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, extracts from Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's excellent paper on The Development and Cultivation of Music in Toronto, are, in response to numerous requests, presented in this issue. The paper was originally read before the National Women's Council at the recent convention of that body in Toronto, and created a most excellent impression. Readers of this column will, I feel certain, take a warm interest in the subject so ably and intelligently treated. Mrs. Harrison, after a few introductory remarks, said:

"The subject, happily, presents few difficulties; it is conceded on all sides, and we who are so fortunate as to reside in Toronto are very glad to concede, that music has undoubtedly met with much serious consideration and study and made great progress amongst us the last few years. In the multiplication of teachers, in the multiplication of teachers, in the establishment of purely musical institutions similar to those in Europe and Great Britain, in the encouragement afforded to foreign artists when appearing before us, in a high standard of local performance both as to selection and execution, and in the natural result of improved taste and growth of culture, there is little room for doubt that progress has been made and that we comprise, as we are rather fond of being told, a distinctly musical community."

"We must not forget, however, that such progress has only been what was natural and consistent with progress along certain other lines—the commercial, the architectural, the artistic, the social, the educational, the athletic. I exclude the civic for obvious reasons. The growth of Toronto has this about it for its last good; that, in the main, this growth has been gradual, steady, therefore normal and likely to continue. It would have been strange, indeed, if along with the building of palatial warehouses, the organization of electric cars and the formation of bicycle clubs for both sexes, and cooking schools—as yet for only one sex—music, which has become such a factor in our modern civilization elsewhere, should have languished and perhaps perished for want of encouragement and assistance. Happily, such has not been the case. If talent exist, there if every hope and every chance that it shall have fair play and favorable opportunity. Music, at one time philosophically considered as the most intangible of arts, the most ethereal, the most emotional, the farthest removed from daily life, the highest exposition of the divine in human imagination, has at last, it would seem, condescended to dwell on the earth. Music, the heavenly maid, now gives instruction at every corner for a very moderate fee; sometimes for no fee at all. Music is nowadays always with us, whether we like it or not, and if at times we feel there is a good deal of her, we must recollect that the 'discontent of the few' is for the safety of the many." Indeed, so popular has the pursuit of music become that it is today the most tangible, the most easily apprehended, the best paid and most utilitarian of the arts. I venture to say that literature, for example, has received little or no encouragement worthy of the name, or sound substantial support compared to that which music has obtained among us. I also believe that I shall be upheld when I assume that our artists, as a class, have not basked in the sun of such patronage as that afforded to successful musicians."

"Granting, then, that progress and development have been maintained, we note that the branches of musical art in which our strength has been expended, are precisely those which we should look for in a young community, namely the Piano, the Church Choir and Organ, and the Voice. After these we may place Theory and the Violin. With regard to the most popular of all, the Piano, we are reminded, that it is the era of that instrument, and that in comparison with other communities the progress in Toronto is no more—again—than is natural. The study of the piano has indeed made enormous strides everywhere, and we are in the very front rank of attainments and industry in this particular. I saw a computation the other day of the number of people riding bicycles in this town. I forget the figure, but I am quite sure that it would be distanced by the number of people learning the piano if we could get at the statistics of the matter. Thousands alone arrive annually and enrol themselves as pupils of our principal schools of music and other institutions, and all with one object, one goal in view—the subjugation of the ivory-keyed instrument which ministers to our delight, or our pain, as the case may be. In this department the work done is really very good, as good that when a pupil has graduated with high honors from such a school as the Toronto Conservatory of Music and passed a creditable examination in form and theory as well, it is an open question whether anything more is needed to convert the student into the artist. This will depend on talent and on temperament in all cases; a residence abroad even for a short time is recommended. These remarks will apply equally well to organ and vocal pupils and those studying the violin, 'cello, or any other instrument."

"When we come to the subject of the Orchestra, however, we are treading upon delicate ground. Toronto has struggled for many years under different conductors and various committees, to form, equip and maintain a good local orchestra, but with mixed success. It is idle to speculate as to the causes of this partial failure; it is no use pointing to the admirable orchestras of the neighboring Republic and then grumbling because we cannot produce the same rich growth. In the first place we are still a young community, and therefore we have not that amount of money, that splendid financial backing, which Americans so sensibly and so generously devote to art purposes; in the second place we are only an Anglo-Saxon and not a Teutonic community, and therefore, very few of us were born—not with silver spoons—but with brass trombones and English horns, at our mouths; in the third place, I do not really think that the taste of Toronto people is ripe for purely orchestral performances. This is a statement which will be contradicted no doubt. I am well aware that our people will pay al-

Just the Man.



Professor Slippery—Next, ladies and gentlemen, I will cause silver dollars to fall out of this hat.
Josiah Lowboard—Gosh, Mandy! wouldn't that be a gran' boarder for us this summer.
(Copyrighted.)

most any price to hear Damrosch, Seidl or Thomas, but in these cases there is the prestige of the thing, the recognition of transcendent merit—they go, if I make myself understood, to hear the orchestra play more than to hear a Beethoven symphony played, and there is an important distinction involved in the attitude of mind. There is room, then for improvement in this direction of equipping and succeeding in sustaining an orchestra which shall at least hold its own and adequately interpret symphonic music—the highest form of music, the form of most educational value and the form to which all others naturally tend."

"A good deal has been heard the past year or so with regard to the so-called decline of oratorio in our midst. What are the causes that have led to this indifference to a form of art which had become, or so we thought, an integral feature of British civilization as the top hat and the three-volume novel? May not one of the causes be the inefficiency of the orchestra? Will not the public naturally prefer to listen to part songs and motetts neatly and carefully rendered and without a doubtful accompaniment? Still, if the taste be really alienated from the masterpieces of Handel, Mendelssohn, Gounod and others, it is a pity. Oratorio, which should include the high-class sacred cantata and practically includes the legendary or romantic cantata, has its own place, its own sphere, and should, if properly conducted, conduce to musical life, activity and enthusiasm. The decline of oratorio may mean the decline of seriousness or the decline of considering big undertakings."

"Operatic performances have fared no better, and chamber music has had a checkered career. The first we can do without; the second is of great importance, and every stimulus and all encouragement possible should be afforded such organizations as the Beethoven Trio, which is almost our only representative body in this direction. We have had, however, during the last three or four seasons, a creditable number of artistic concerts, given chiefly by leading teachers and their pupils, which redound in every case to the fame of both. In fact, it is not saying too much, or leaving much unsaid when we decide that our chief musical life and glory at present in Toronto lies in the thoroughness, the breadth and the general efficiency of our teachers. The instruction to be gained in this city is equal to that, I am certain, obtained anywhere on this continent. I say this because it is a fact borne out every day. We no longer need New York, Boston or Cincinnati influences when we have completed our Canadian study in order to prepare us for Europe; but a student fresh from the hands of any of our leading professors is received at London, or Leipzig, or Vienna as one thoroughly and artistically grounded."

In concluding her most interesting paper, Mrs. Harrison said: "I have endeavored to show, without indulging in either too much mutual admiration, or on the other hand, a carping and pessimistic spirit, some of our chief sources of strength and also a few of our weaknesses. It must be remembered that neither monster performances nor mere numerical returns ever prove the true musical life of the community. We must look deeper."

Prospects for the Mendelssohn Choir for the coming season appear exceedingly bright, so far, at least, as concerns the material of which the chorus is likely to be composed. Applications of an exceptionally excellent character are being received by the conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, and one may safely predict a body of chorists when the season opens which, for quality, has never been equalled in Toronto. All voices will be subjected to a test in sight-reading and, as was the case last year, particular emphasis will be laid upon quality of tone and the ability to sing well in tune. Applications will be received until September 1, and voice tests will be made shortly after."

The Metropolitan School of Music (Ltd.) of Parkdale is preparing actively for the work of the coming season, and many important changes in the staff and organization generally are being contemplated. Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the well known local teacher, has been appointed musical director of the new institution, which, under his guidance, enters upon its second year's existence with renewed prospects of a successful future. The selection of Mr. Forsyth was a very sensible move on the part of the directors. The names of other competent instructors, who have also been added to the staff, will be announced in the near future."

Miss Florence Benson, who is so well and favorably known in the city as a gifted pianist and talented vocalist, has been appointed leading soprano of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Montreal, at a handsome salary."

The concert given in Berlin on the evening of July 1 in connection with the C. W. A. annual meet attracted an audience of about

two thousand people. Among the performers were Miss Della Riegler and Mr. Harold Jarvis, Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli and Herr Rudolf Ruth. Herr Ruth created a most favorable impression in his 'cello solos, and Sig. Dinelli played the accompaniments in his usual admirable manner. Mr. Harold Jarvis was enthusiastically received in his various selections, while his pupil, Miss Ziegler, earned an ovation for the marked excellence of her work generally on this occasion. Miss Ziegler is a Berlin girl, and the citizens may well feel a pardonable pride in the progress she is making in her chosen profession. The fine bands of the 29th Bat. and Waterloo Musical Society, undoubtedly the best purely amateur bands in Ontario, added much to the success of an unusually fine programme."

The trustees of Massey Music Hall have, with commendable enterprise, decided to erect in the main auditorium of that magnificent building a grand concert organ, the plans and specifications of which are now being drawn up. The new instrument will not only provide adequate and thoroughly complete in every respect, but will, through the beauty of its case and general architectural design, add much to the elegance of what is already one of the finest concert halls on the continent. The latest inventions in electricity as applied to pipe organs will be utilized in the construction of this latest addition to the list of notable organs in this city, and we may safely predict that its effect will far surpass that of any instrument at present in Toronto. This important announcement will be received with much pleasure by all lovers of music and patrons of Massey Hall generally."

In writing of Miss May Flower's marriage last week, the name of Miss May Taylor was inadvertently used. The four instruments used by the celebrated Kneisel Quartette of Boston, which is composed of Franz Kneisel, first violin, Otto Roth, second violin, Ludwig Svecanski, viola, and Alvin Schroeder, 'cello, are said to be valued at fourteen thousand dollars."

Miss Winifred Mackinnon of Guelph, who has been studying at Bishop Strachan School under Mr. Harrison during the past three years, has been successful in passing the intermediate piano examination at the Conservatory of Music, being placed in the first class."

Miss Mabel De Geer has been re-engaged at an advanced salary as soprano soloist of New Richmond Methodist church. MODERATO.

Brake O'Day—Wot yer readin', Dewey? Dewey Eave—Oh, some blame nonsense 'bout protectin' steel rails. Why, we couldn't carry 'em off even if dey was'n' bolted down."

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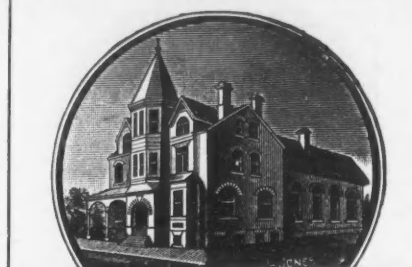
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Social and Personal.

A quiet though with a very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. John Bland, McCaul street, on Tuesday last. The contracting parties were Miss Minnie, only daughter of Mr. Bland, and Mr. David G. Sturrock of the C.P.R. Telegraph Co. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. W. A. Hunter, only the immediate relatives of the two families being present. The wedding trip will be to Montreal, Quebec and the East.

The following are among the recent arrivals at the Rife House, Windermere, Muskoka: Mr. Luke E. Topping, Miss Ethel Topping of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cragg, Dr. and Mrs. Wilmot, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jardine, the Misses Jardine, Mr. Gordon Jardine of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Flynn of Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland and daughter left last week to spend the summer at Lakefield and Stony Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maughan will be at home to their friends on Tuesday, July 16, at 54 Springhurst avenue.

Mr. Morley Whitehead is on a visit to his uncle in Quebec and sails on Saturday for a short holiday in England.

Massey Music Hall.

The following figures, taken from the trustees' report, will show something of what business the Massey Music Hall has done during the past season. The same trustees will continue to control the hall and have again secured the services of Mr. I. E. Sackling, to whose skill as manager much of the success is due.

"It is with pleasure that the trustees of the Massey Music Hall are enabled to say that the first year in the existence of the hall has been a most encouraging success. That the citizens have appreciated the advantage given to Toronto by the donor of the building is testified to by the large number of times that the hall has been used and by the approximate total attendance since its erection, the records showing it to be three hundred and fifty-seven thousand."

"From a financial standpoint the result is equally gratifying. The income for the year amounting to \$304,622, against which the general expenses of \$65,538 are to be deducted, thus leaving a net profit of \$150,044, over \$1400 of which has been expended in furnishing and improvements. The Hall has furnished unequalled accommodation for large gatherings at a nominal rental, making it for all practical purposes the people's hall as much as if it were under municipal management. At the same time it has contributed to the public revenue in the shape of license fee and taxes, while the Pavilion and other halls controlled by the city do not pay taxes."

"It has been occupied for sixty-five meetings and for one hundred and twenty-eight evening events. The latter may be subdivided into the following classifications: Musical events, fifty-nine; lectures, etc., thirty-eight; religious meetings, twenty-eight; and political meetings, three. Of the fifty-nine musical events twenty-six of them were arranged for and given by the trustees, and for the other thirty-three, rentals were received. Notable among the musical affairs of the year given by the trustees were the Nordica Concert on May 10, at which the average paid admission was 81c, and the Thomas Orchestra on March 22, at which the average paid admission was only 74c. These averages are from 40

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to 60 per cent. of the prices paid at the same entertainments in the States, and are, with the average paid admissions to the Sousa and Gilmore Band concerts (48c and 46c) from 50 to 75 per cent. lower than any other concerts given by the same organizations in Toronto prior to the erection of this hall."

MASONIC CONCERT

In honor of the Grand Lodge of Canada, at
MASSEY HALL

Wednesday, July 17, 1895, at 8 p.m.

The following Artists will take part:
Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, Contralto; Miss Mabel DeGier, Soprano; Mrs. H. M. Blight, Pianist; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Tenor; Mr. E. M. Blight, Baritone; Mr. E. P. Blakey, Elocutionist; Major John Stenman, of Hamilton, Elocutionist; Mr. H. W. Rich, Comed.

The Q. O. E. Band, under the direction of Mr. J. R. Bayley.
No reserved seats. Tickets, 25c, to be procured from the Officers of the various Lodges, and from A. S. Nordheimer, Anglo-Canadian Music Pub. Co., Whaley, Royce & Co. and Blight Bros.
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Particular attention paid to the table, with prompt and efficient service in every department.
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IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON
It is beautifully situated at the junction of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, and in consequence is the most convenient place in the whole of this delightful region. Passengers leaving Toronto or Hamilton by the morning train reach here by 4 p.m. There is good fishing and delightful walks in the neighborhood.
JOHN FRASER,
Proprietor.

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This hotel is beautifully situated on the west side of Lake Rosseau, and is one of the prettiest places of resort on the lake. The bathing beach is absolutely safe even for children, and the cuisine first-class. Steamboat daily. Terms moderate. Croquet and Lawn Tennis grounds.
MRS. C. J. MINETT,
Proprietress.

The Hutton House

MUSKOKA LAKE

This delightfully situated house, 17 miles' sail from Gravenhurst, is this season under new management, and combines among others the following advantages, viz.: Picturesque scenery, dry pine-laden mountain air, pure spring water and excellent fishing. Daily mail and express.
Mrs. G. L. KAVANAGH, Proprietress.

The Peninsular Park Hotel

Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe

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Full particulars, office of M. McCONNELL, 46 Colborne Street, Toronto, or the MANAGER at the Hotel.

HAMILL HOUSE

Lake Joseph, Muskoka

The location of this hotel is not surpassed by any resort in the region. Since its close last season many improvements have been made, new verandas added, etc. Home-like in all appointments.
THOMAS HAMILL, Proprietor.

Windermere House

Windermere, Muskoka

This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shores of Lake Rosseau, and is now open for the reception of guests. The table is plentifully supplied with all the season's delicacies. Nice sandy beach for bathing and daily mail, express and telegraph from all points. All inquiries receive prompt attention.
THOMAS AITKEN, Proprietor.

PROSPECT HOUSE

Port Sandfield, Muskoka

This popular and well known first-class hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Situated at the junction of lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and being 800 feet above Lake Ontario, the location is the most delightful in the Muskoka region. Still under the personal management of
ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

Ferndale House

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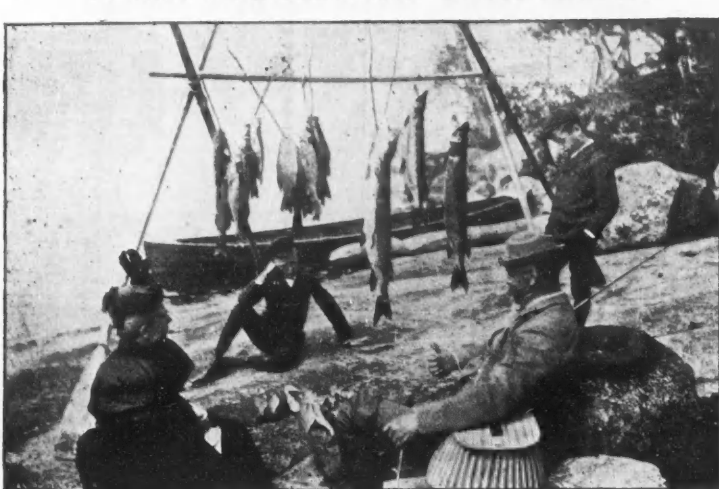
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